

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 270.—VOL. XI.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

[WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6*d*.



MISS LYDIA THOMPSON AS PAULINE, IN THE BURLESQUE ON "THE LADY OF LYONS."

RAILWAYS.

THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE TO EPSOM COURSE.
SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EPSOM SUMMER RACES, on MAY 30th (OAKS).

Frequent Trains from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, Clapham Junction, and Wimbledon Stations to EPSOM.

Cheap Trains from Waterloo up to 9.20 a.m.

Special Fast Trains, at Special Fares, from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction and Wimbledon Stations to Epsom, from 9.45 a.m. till 1.20 p.m., returning from Epsom after the Races. Between the hours of 9.30 a.m. and 1.20 p.m. the Ordinary Trains to the Epsom Line will be suspended. And between the hours of 3.15 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. the Ordinary Trains from the Epsom Line will be suspended.

A Special Fast Direct Train will leave the Waterloo Station (stopping at Vauxhall) for Epsom at 1.20 p.m.

All the Special Train will start from the New Station, Waterloo.

KENSINGTON LINE.—Trains leave Kensington for Clapham Junction (calling at Chelsea five minutes later) at 7.10, 8.29, 8.48, 9.12, 9.33, 10.15, 10.55, 11.17, 11.48 a.m., and 12.15 and 12.46 p.m.

Passenger by Ordinary Trains from Stations on the Kensington Line change at Clapham Junction into the Special Trains for Epsom.

Metropolitan District Trains connect at West Brompton.

Passengers from Hammersmith or Kensington may proceed via Kensington to either Waterloo or Clapham Junction.

KEMPTON PARK RACES (Sunbury), WHIT-SUNTIIDE MEETING, on TUESDAY, 3rd, and WEDNESDAY, 4th June. (Sunbury Station is only five minutes' walk from the Course.)

FREQUENT TRAINS will run from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction Stations to SUNBURY, returning from Sunbury after the Races.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB FIRST SUMMER MEETING on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 5th and 6th June.

FREQUENT TRAINS will run from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction Stations to ESHAM, returning from Esher after the Races.

Tickets, Handbills, and all information can be obtained at the South-Western Company's West-end office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus; and the City Office, Arthur-street West, London-brige.

Handbills may be had at any of the Company's stations, or London receiving houses, or by post from the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

W H I T S U N T I D E H O L I D A Y S. For full information as to extension of time of Return Tickets, the running of Excursion Trains, &c., see Handbills and Time-books.

On SATURDAY, 31st May, and every Saturday until further notice, EXCURSIONS at the usual CHEAP EXCURSION FARES will run as under:

1. To PLYMOUTH, Devonport, Tavistock (for Liskeard), Lidford (for Launceston), Okehampton, &c., and by new line) to Holsworthy (for Bude); also to Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, and Bideford, by fast train, leaving Waterloo Station at 9 a.m., and Hammersmith (the Grove) 8.10, Kensington 8.29, West Brompton 8.32, Chelsea 8.34, Clapham Junction 8.51, and Surbiton 9.24 a.m.

2. To THE WEST OF ENGLAND, Salisbury, Templecombe, the Somerset and Dorset Railway, Yeovil, Exeter, the North Devon Line, &c., by Special Train, leaving Waterloo Station at 8.40 a.m. (Hammersmith 8.10, Kensington 8.29), calling at Vauxhall 8.44 and Clapham Junction 8.55 a.m.

3. To WEYMOUTH, Dorchester, Lympstone (for Freshwater), Bourne-mouth, Poole, Wimborne, &c., by Special Train, leaving Waterloo Station at 12.10 p.m. (Hammersmith 11.12, Kensington 11.48), calling at Vauxhall 12.15, and Clapham Junction 12.23 p.m.

Tickets of all the above Excursions available for return on the Monday week or Monday fortnight following the date of issue.

4. To ISLE OF WIGHT, Portsmouth Town, Portsmouth Harbour (for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor), Southampton (for Cowes and Newport), Salisbury, &c., by special train, leaving Waterloo Station at 1.15 p.m. (Kensington 12.46), calling at Vauxhall 1.19, and Clapham Junction 1.27 p.m., at the following fares, to all stations (except Portsmouth Harbour) and back:

First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.
11s. 0d.	7s. 6d.	5s. 0d.
To Portsmouth Harbour and back:		
12s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	5s. 6d.

Available for return on the Tuesday following the date of issue.

P O R T S M O U T H A N D I S L E O F W I G H T. CHEAP TRAINS every Saturday to Havant and Portsmouth from Victoria, 1.0 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m.; returning the following Tuesday.

A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Sunday, from London Bridge, 8.0 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction to Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth; returning same day.

A CHEAP TRAIN, Whit Monday, from London Bridge and Victoria, 7.30 a.m., to Havant and Portsmouth.

Return Fares between London and Portsmouth Town and Havant, 11s., 7s. 6d.; Portsmouth Harbour, 12s., 8s., 5s. 6d.

B R I G H T O N.—E V E R Y S U N D A Y a Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, from London Bridge, calling at New-cross; from Victoria and from Kensington, calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, Crystal Palace, Norwood Junction, and Croydon. Fare there and back: Third Class, 4s.

H A S T I N G S , S T . L E O N A R D S , & E A S T B O U R N E. CHEAP EXCURSIONS on Whit Sunday and Monday, from London Bridge and Victoria.

C R Y S T A L P A C E . — F R E Q U E N T D I R E C T Trains Daily to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge and New-cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

For full particulars of Times, Fare, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all the Stations, and at 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, where Tickets may be obtained.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

L O N D O N A N D N O R T H - W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y . WHITSUNTIIDE EXCURSIONS.

On SATURDAY, May 31st, CHEAP EXCURSIONS will leave EUSTON at 9.30 a.m.; Chalk Farm, 9.35 a.m.; Kilburn, 9.40 a.m.; Clapham Junction, 8.50 a.m.; Victoria (L. B. & S. C. side), 8.25 a.m.; Kensington, 9.9 a.m.; Broad-street, 8.55 a.m.; and Dalston, Mansion House, Blackfriars, Charing-cross, &c., and Willesden Junction 9.45 a.m. for (with exceptions) Holyhead, Carlisle, Windermere, Lancaster, Carnforth, Blackpool, Preston, Blackburn, Wigan, Rhyl, Denbigh, Carnarvon, Bangor, Chester, Crewe, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Montgomery, Newtown, Shrewsbury, Welshpool, &c., &c.

From EUSTON STATION at 11.40 a.m.; Chalk Farm, 11.45 a.m.; Kilburn, 11.50 a.m.; Clapham Junction, 10.50 a.m.; Victoria, 11.24 a.m.; Kensington, 11.43 a.m.; Broad-street (City), 11.10 a.m.; Dalston, 11.15 a.m.; Mansion House, Blackfriars, Charing-cross, &c., and Willesden Junction 12.00 noon for (with exceptions) Stafford, Liverpool, Manchester, Warrington, Stockport, Ashton, Stalybridge, Oldham, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, Dewsbury, Leeds, Wakefield, Burton, Macclesfield, Potteries District, Derby, Tamworth, Leicester, Leamington, Coventry, Birmingham, Walsall, Dudley, Wolverhampton, &c.

Return on MONDAY, June 2nd, or on THURSDAY, June 5th.

On WHIT-MONDAY, June 2nd, a CHEAP DAY EXCURSION, with bookings for Four Days, will leave EUSTON STATION at 6.45 a.m.; Chalk Farm 6.50 a.m. for Birmingham, Coventry, Leamington, Kenilworth, Dudley, Walsall, Wednesbury, &c., and Wolverhampton.

For Fares and full particulars see bills.

Tickets and bills can be obtained at the following parcels-receiving offices of the Company:—Swan with Two Necks, Gresham-street; Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet-street; Golden Cross, Charing Cross; Lion, 108, New Bond-street; Spread Eagle, Regent-circus; Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, 474, 216, and 339, Oxford-street; High-street, Kensington, &c.

G. FINDLAY.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, May, 1879.

N O R T H L O N D O N R A I L W A Y . WHITSUNTIIDE HOLIDAYS.

Trains every Fifteen Minutes to and from CHALK FARM, for Primrose Hill and the Zoological Gardens; to and from HIGBURY and ISLINGTON, for the Agricultural Hall; and to and from VICTORIA PARK and HAMPSTEAD HEATH and WILLESDEN JUNCTION.

Every Half-hour to and from KEW BRIDGE, for Kew Gardens.

Every Hour to and from RICHMOND, with a frequent Train Service to and from Teddington, for Bushey Park and Hampton Court.

Every Half-hour to and from KENSINGTON (Addison-road) and SOUTH KENSINGTON, with a frequent Train Service in connection with the Crystal Palace.

Frequent Trains to FINSBURY PARK, ALEXANDRA PARK STATION, Wool Green, Barnet, High Barnet, and Enfield.

By Order.

WHITSUNTIIDE HOLIDAYS.

SPECIAL MUSICAL & OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

WHIT MONDAY (Bank Holiday). Reduced Admission.

The Drolls, CANFIELD & BOOKER, Every Evening.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.

WHIT MONDAY (Bank Holiday). Reduced Admission.

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The Drolls, CANFIELD & BOOKER, Every Evening.

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 Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR
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The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

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ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR

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* On page 263, at the close of the fourth paragraph from bottom of column in Mr. Wall's story, for *Maud* read *Joanna*.

ROYAL AQUARIUM,
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Open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

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Admission One Shilling, including railway fare from all Stations on District Railway.

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12 Hours Constant Amusement.

- 12.30. Recital on Great Organ.
- 1.30. Royal Black Diamond Minstrels.
- 3.0. The Marvellous Performing Bull.
- 3.15. Orchestral Selection.

3.30. Monsieur Descombe's Troupe, Lizzie Simms, Artois, The Miltons, The Midgets, Little Tom and Tiny Tim, Madame Helena's Performing Dogs, Nestor and Venoa, the marvellous aerial performers.

5.15. MISS ROSE FOX and BEVY of BELLE BLONDES, Band of the 9th Kent Artillery Volunteers.

7.45. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert.

8.0. The Wonderful Performing Bull.

8.45. SECOND GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

10.15. Nestor and Venoa.

10.30. Miss Rose Fox and Bevy of Belle Blondes.

The Otters and Seals feed twice daily. Attractions the whole day.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST SHILLINGSWORTH IN LONDON.

M. CHARLES DUBOIS' SATURDAY PROMENADE CONCERTS.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

ROYAL AQUARIUM IMPERIAL THEATRE—Manager, Miss Litton. Every afternoon at Three, the celebrated VOKES FAMILY (special entertainment). THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT, followed by THE BELLES OF THE KITCHEN. Every night at 7.30, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; Mrs. Stirling, Miss Meyrick, and Miss Litton; Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. J. Ryder, Mr. E. F. Edgar, Mr. H. Pitt, and full company. To be followed by new burlesque "LADY OF LYONS," Miss Lydia Thompson (specially engaged), Mr. Lionel Brough, &c.

SPECIAL NOTICE.**Original Pictures, Drawings & Sketches,**

BY ARTISTS OF THE

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS,

NOW ON VIEW AND FOR SALE,

IN

THE GALLERY,

ATTACHED TO THE OFFICES,

148, STRAND, LONDON.

ADMISSION FREE.

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Double Page Size, 2s.; Single Page, 1s.; Half Page, 6d.

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An Inspection is invited.

In ordering by post please quote date of paper in which the pictures required appeared.

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(Established for the transaction of all Musical Business, Professional and General),

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TO CONCERT-GIVERS AND ENTREPRENEURS GENERALLY.

MR. STEDMAN begs to inform Proprietors of Concerts, Secretaries of Institutions, and Entrepreneurs generally, that he is prepared to arrange for large or small parties of artists of all positions in the profession, and for Concert Tours. All details of management undertaken without the slightest trouble to those favouring Mr. Stedman with their wishes. Terms upon application.

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MR. STEDMAN will be happy to advise his clients upon all professional matters, confidential or otherwise, either by letter or personally, by previous appointment, at his Offices, 12, Berners Street, London, W.

CHURCH FESTIVALS.—Mr. STEDMAN is prepared to make engagements with Choirmen and Choristers, and to conduct all necessary arrangements connected with Church Festivals, either in London or the country. Solo Choir Boys can always be supplied at short notice.

BLACK SILKS. Patterns free.

Owing to the advance in the price of Italian raw silk, and in anticipation of a further rise, Messrs. Jay have thought it prudent to make a large purchase of the finest qualities of manufactured silk.

Bonnet's Black Silks, highly recommended, from 4s. 3d. per yard.

Jauber's Black Silks from 2s. 9d. per yard.

JAY'S, Regent-street.

MANTLES.—Messrs. JAY have made for themselves every season, in Paris, original and exclusive designs for Mantles. These are copied in London, and made up for various degrees of mourning. The French models not being for mourning, though of the most fashionable kind, are always sold at about half the price paid for them in Paris, and Messrs. Jay have now an excellent variety of these patterns.

JAY'S,

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.

GINGERALE—SCHWEPPES.
 Sold by all Chemists,

GINGERALE—SCHWEPPES.
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 In consequence of the continued imitations of the Red Label used over the cork of SCHWEPPES SODA WATER, a new one has been adopted, which is affixed on the side of the Bottle, in addition to the one over the cork.

SCHWEPPES TRADE MARK is a
 FOUNTAIN.—Highest Award Mineral Waters Paris
 Exhibition, 1878.
SCHWEITZER'S**COCOA-TINA.***Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.***Guaranteed pure Soluble Cocoa of the Finest Quality, with the excess of fat extracted.****Cocoatina a la Vanille**

Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

**THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

WHY presumably sane men should undergo the trouble and annoyance of travelling to Epsom to see the Derby remains a wonder. The discomfort of a tedious journey by road, or the crowding and struggling to find a seat in a train, which is cruelly uncomfortable when found, must be gone through as preliminaries. You arrive at the course, hungry, thirsty, and exhausted. If you find a friend's tent or drag, the chances are that you eat and drink too much, or, at any rate, that food so consumed disagrees with you; but the probability is that you seek in vain for wholesome sustenance, and can only get a drink of bad spirit and effervescent ditch-water—doing duty for soda and brandy—after a fight with a throng of thirsty and abominably noisy men who have drunk too much already. Of the race, the chances again are that you see next to nothing. Demonical howls proclaim that the animals have started, and—unless you have paid a ruinous sum for a seat—you catch a fleeting glimpse of a number of gaudy jackets as the horses shoot past the judge's chair. This is, however, what you have come to see, and when the enjoyment (?) is over, you have a repetition of the morning's struggle before you can get back to town, sick of seeing people making asses of themselves. And this is the Derby, about which so much arrant nonsense is yearly written! I have often said I would never go again, and if I do—may I have as pleasant a day as I had on Wednesday. I can wish myself no worse fate.

To say that one Derby is a repetition of another is by no manner of means to condemn the great and delightful national holiday. It only comes once a year, and the afternoon so quickly passes away that he must be easily satisfied indeed who is not ready for the fun when Derby-day comes round again. Those who can manage it, of course, drive down along the pleasant country roads, just now at their freshest and greenest; but if time is an object, and no means of horse conveyance at hand, the thoughtful arrangements of the railway companies make the journey a swift and simple matter. One would go through a good deal more than so short a journey, even if there should be a little crowding *en route*, for the sake of seeing Epsom Downs on the Derby Day; and when you reach the course, and come across the hospitably-spread table of some kindly friend, how succulent is the pigeon pie, how pleasant the champagne, how good the lobster salad, and—"Thank you! I think I will have just a bit more chicken! thank you, and—well, just one glass more, then." Get a good position for the race, and what nobler sight or sounds can the world afford than the gleam of the silken jackets and the hurricane of hoofs as the horses dash past the winning post, and one splendid steed, leaving his companions far behind, is proclaimed the winner by ten thousand enthusiastic voices! The multitude, making the most of the annual holiday, is by itself a cheery and inspiring spectacle, and if fun gets at times a little boisterous, one can make excuses on the ground of the time, place, and occasion. The glorious weather on Wednesday made the famous holiday particularly enjoyable, and I trust it may be many years to come before I miss a Derby.

THERE is certainly a slight—indeed a rather wide—discrepancy between the views expressed in the two preceding articles; and some little explanation may be considered necessary. The fact is that, seeing what a busy week this is, I asked a couple of friends who were going to the Derby to help me by sending in a note or two. They kindly promised so do so, and have fulfilled their promises. Both have been looking forward to the Derby for some time past, and both went down in the highest possible spirits. One of them was happily confident that he was on the winner at a good price, and one of them had taken a few sensible bets from too credulous friends who insisted on backing their fancies. One of my correspondents was disappointed; the other was not. The gentleman to whom I am indebted for the first note was confident that Victor Chief would win; the writer of the second had laid against Cadogan, Charibert, and Falmouth. As a man who had no fancy, and can therefore afford to take an impartial view, I am inclined to think that my friend's luck has to some extent coloured their general appreciation of the Derby Day.

DREAMING winners of the Derby is an amusement that has been carried on to a considerable extent this year. A friend of mine, who takes a very prominent part in the conduct of this paper, is a case in point. He went to bed, fell asleep, and dreamed that a certain horse had won the race. He awakened, went to sleep again, and again dreamed that the Derby was over and that the same horse had won. A third time he went to sleep and a third time he dreamed that the same horse had galloped in. The horse's name was Sunshine, but though there are three Sunshines at present in training, one is a two-year-old, another five, and another aged; and consequently neither of them was in the Derby. This would have been awkward had there not been a solution of the problem. Sunshine pointed, of course, to Rayon d'Or. You cannot expect a man to dream in French, and Rayon d'Or was quite near enough to Sunshine. So far this is a very interesting story; but the sequel rather interferes with the merit of the anecdote as a remarkable instance of dreaming the winner—for Rayon d'Or was if not absolutely nowhere, at any rate thereabouts.

THAT lively little journal, *The Mask*, whose reappearance I warmly welcome—for Mr. Alfred Thompson, the editor and illustrator-in-chief, draws with a force and delicacy rarely given to artists on this side of the Channel—is again to the fore. While on the subject, I must add a special word of praise for the exceedingly clever caricature of Mr. Du Maurier's style in a picture in one of the late issues; but my object in referring to *The Mask* is to quote the following story told by a popular writer who veils his identity under the signature of Bobadil:—"A well-known commissioner who at that time transacted the business of Baron Rothschild was engaged settling a very heavy account at Tattersall's. He was a methodical business man, with his winning and losing account correctly drawn out, and he ticked off the sums as he disbursed or received them carefully; but on counting up his money at the end of the afternoon he discovered that he was in possession of twenty-five pounds more than he was entitled to. He went through the account again, and at last discovered the pony which in the heat of business had been twice paid to him, and which, without noticing, he had checked off a second time. Not seeing the payer of the money, he glanced round and espied a shrewd bookmaker of his acquaintance. He told him the circumstance, and asked what he had better do. 'Why, claim it again, of course, you blessed old mummy,' rejoined his friend contemptuously. I do not know whether 'The Heathen Chinee' was about just then, but I think if Ah Sing would have allowed 5lbs., I should have stood that bookmaker in a match, and not 'been ruined by Chinese cheap labour.'"

TALKING of Derby dreams it was, by the way, the *Mask* that first told the dream of the Squirrel, which I heard on the Hill at Epsom from a friend of the dreamer, a young lady who, in her sleep, distinctly saw a squirrel climb up the winning-post on the Downs. She told some friends who had never heard of such an animal, but looked in "Ruff," and found that one of Mr. "Acton's" four entries was "ch c Squirrel." When the dark-blue jacket drew away and passed the post, the natural inclination of those who had heard of the dream was to believe that Squirrel had won, and amazement is a mild word to describe the intense surprise that was felt by a little group in a most hospitable tent on the Hill. It was, however, Sir Bevys (Sir Boice they call the animal, I am told), and this spoils the story. Had the young lady dreamed the colours of the winner it would have been different; but dreaming the actual squirrel pointed definitely to the colt and not to his stable companion. Yet another friend of mine dreamed that he was on the Hill with his brother, who was looking through a glass, and who, when asked what had won, replied, Cadogan. On the whole, my faith in dreaming winners is very severely shaken in spite of Lord Vivian.

I WONDER whether everybody knows Mr. W. S. Gilbert's pathetic legend of the Derby, which appeared under the title of "Emily, James, John, and I?" It is a story of a visit to the Derby, and the manner in which the narrator explains his own views of the subject at the end of each verse is especially kind and confidential—

Emily Jane was a nursery maid,
 James was a bold Life Guard,
 John was a constable, poorly paid,
 (And I am a doggrel bard).

he begins, and goes on to remark—

A very good girl was Emily Jane,
 Jimmy was good and true,
 John was a very good man in the main
 (And I am a good man too).

Emily Jane, unable to decide between the rival suitors, said that she would marry the one who took her to the policeman, and this decision was a dreadful blow to the policeman—

John lay on the ground and he roared like mad
 (For Johnny was sore perplexed),
 And he kicked very hard at a very small lad,
 (Which I often do when vexed).

For John was on duty next day with the Force
 To punish all Epsom crimes,
 Young people will cross when they're clearing the
 course
 (I do it myself sometimes).

And Jimmy went down with his Jane that day;
 And John, by the collar or nape,
 Seized everybody who came in his way
 (And I had a narrow escape).

But the apparently artless bard was cruel enough to point out to John that Emily and James were crossing the course just before the race. The constable pounced upon the offender—

John led him away with a victor's hand
 And Jimmy was shortly seen
 In the station-house under the grand Grand Stand
 (As many a time I've been).

The ill-advised action lost James his wife. She married the policeman. I don't think that she ought to have done so; but she did.

RAPIER.

Road side
Jarrings



A working man

A sketch from
'The Cottage of Content'

A Famous Whip -

A Road side group..



The Lake at Ifield



A.H.W.

Entrance to the Lake at the back of Cavan Villa, Croydon



Thumb-nail Sketches Saturday May 24th 1879.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

BY A LITTLE BIRD.

It was a clever notion of M. Alexandre Dumas to turn the task of writing a preface to the album to be presented by the Comédie Française into an opportunity for insinuating that the

preface in a French paper. But perhaps the cleverest stroke of all was that of sending M. Mayer down to the Lord Chamberlain's office to offer to change the title—I suppose into *Le Monde et Demi*, or something not less intensely unobjectionable. If the insidious bait had been taken, it is not difficult to imagine the flouts and gibes with which our friends in Paris would have greeted this innocent project for passing off a forbidden play under a respectable alias. But for the fact that there is nothing, after all, very dreadful in M. Dumas's production, the scheme might have ranked with Edmund Cull's request that the Bishop would mark on the proof sheets of Rochester's wicked poems any passages that seemed to him improper. The simple Bishop was rewarded for his pains by being publicly announced as the editor and annotator of the awful collection. Mr. Piggott, more wary, shook his head, and declined.

I must not forget to pay a further tribute of admiration to M. Dumas's happy choice of the moment when it was known that a change was impending in the Lord Chamberlain's office. As the announcement that the Marquis of Hertford had resigned followed hard upon the premature publication of the preface, there was really no need even to hint that his Lordship had resented the interference of H.R.H., and *en vrai Milord* had refused to eat his own words at the bidding of a haughty prince—at least, no need when playing, as M. Dumas obviously is, to an audience of his own countrymen. The truth is that the question of the forthcoming performances never came before the Marquis of Hertford at all, for the simple reason that it was known that he would have resigned before the arrival of the Comédie Française. The Prince of Wales has exercised no sort of intervention in the matter, direct or indirect, nor has there been any occasion to do so.

The resignation of the Marquis of Hertford is a very simple matter. The Marquis has simply had enough of Court duties, and, being sixty-seven years of age, he prefers the peace and quiet of a country life, and the freedom of travel abroad. Lady Hertford, having married off all her daughters, was equally desirous to be free. Lord Mount Edgecumbe is a sensible, intelligent and accomplished gentleman, and none the worse for being a travelled man of the world and a good linguist—above all, a master of the French language. He sees no objection to *Le Demi-Monde—Voilà tout!* Possibly the Marquis of Hertford would have seen none, for the comedy was not prohibited by him, but by his predecessor. On the other hand, the new Lord Chamberlain draws the line at *Le Supplice d'une Femme*—not without cause, I think. One piece out of forty-two is certainly not an unreasonable allowance, and I suppose a man doesn't feel like a Lord Chamberlain till he has forbidden something.

The hint which the Comédie Française have received, that they must not turn their visit to their own private advantage, seems not altogether superfluous. Certainly Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt's scheme for giving morning recitations looks a little like sharp practice, for I suppose Mr. Hollingshead did not count upon rival entertainments being got up by the company he has engaged. This lady is an extremely clever person, or she would never have thought of silencing the sceptical by getting that little piece written for her in which she proposes to carve a medallion before the very eyes of the audience. For myself I confess that if I had any faith in the story that her reputation as a sculptor is due to the pious frauds of artist friends, I should not be convinced by seeing her produce a bust in five minutes on the stage of the Théâtre Français. The whole business would be

apt to remind me of certain conjuring feats of M. Houdin and Herr Frikell, which have taught me not to put implicit faith in my own senses.

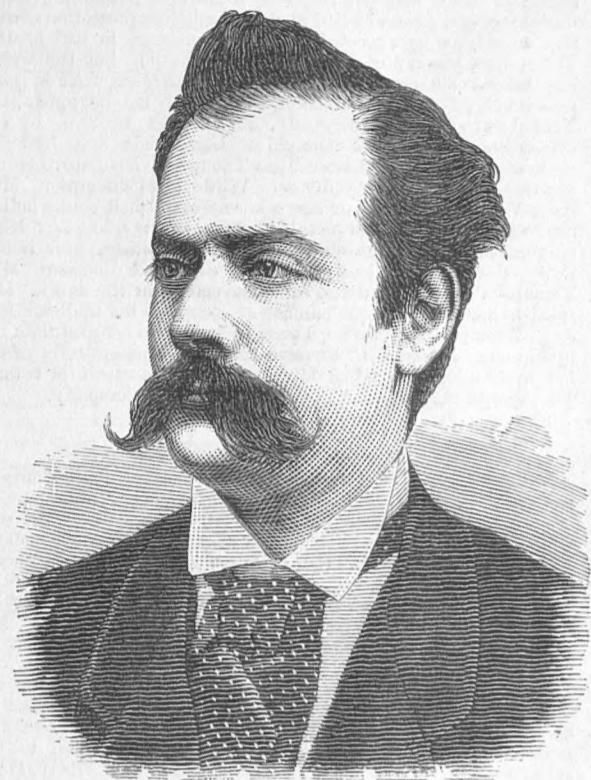
THE L. B.

THE committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, at which Lord Alfred Paget presided, met on Monday evening to consider a matter of some importance. It having been ascertained that



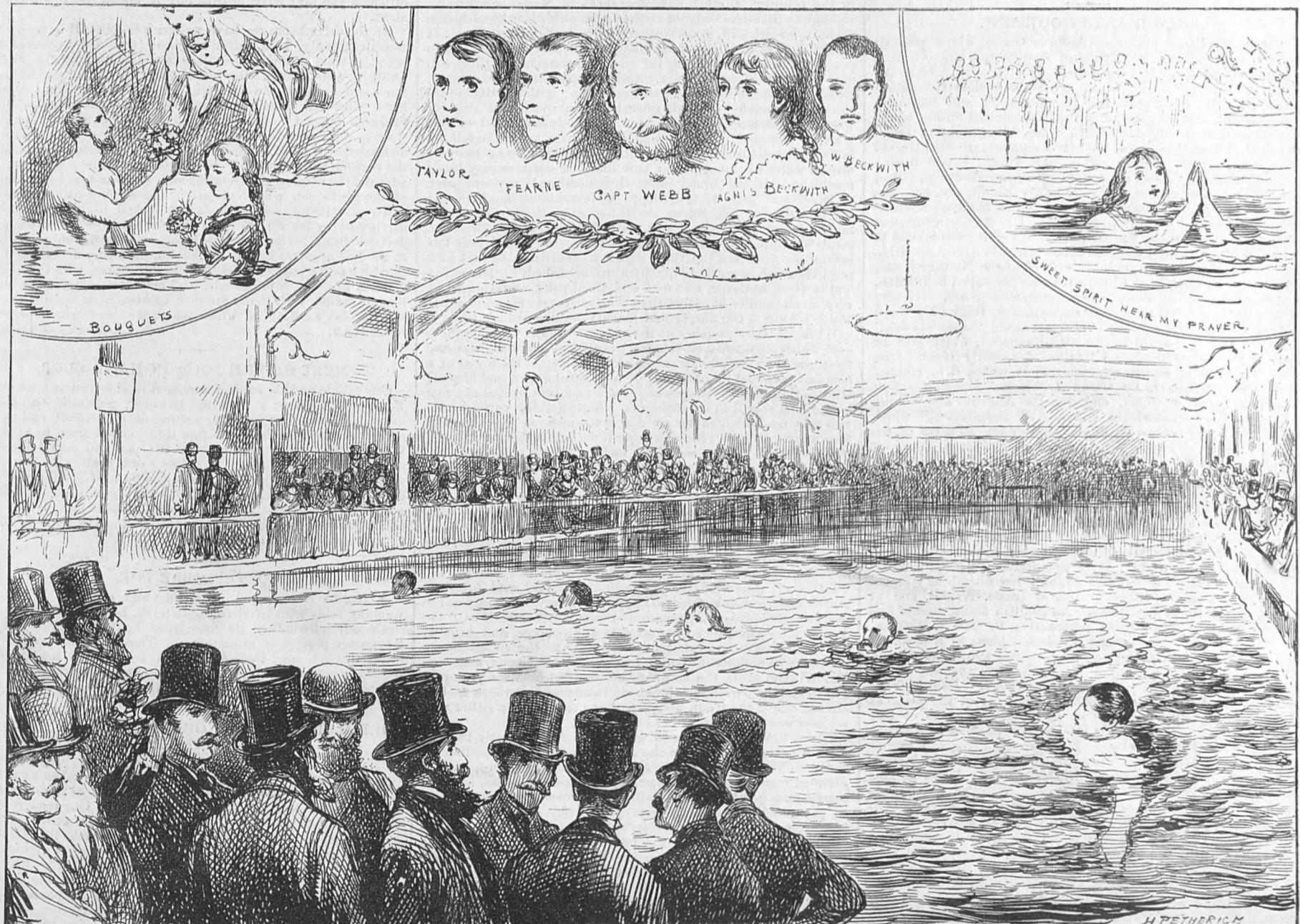
MR. AMBROSE AUSTIN.

Prince of Wales had specially interfered to bring about the removal of the official interdict upon *Le Demi-Monde*. Something of the once famous self-assurance of Dumas père is evidently inherited by Dumas fils, or he would never have thought of gravely thanking H.R.H. for kindnesses of which I happen to know that H.R.H. had never heard till he saw that ingenious



SIGNOR ORSINI.

there would probably not be a sufficient number of schooners and yawls fitted out in time for the matches of the 14th of June, it was resolved that instead of the advertised programme the club would offer handicap prizes for vessels of those rigs to the value of about £150, to be sailed on the 14th June, on the same conditions as those advertised for the Channel match, open to all recognised yacht clubs, the entries to close on the 7th of June.

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SKETCHES AT THE SIX DAYS' SWIMMING MATCH AT LAMBETH BATHS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON AS PAULINE.

Miss Lydia Thompson is so well known to playgoers that it is quite unnecessary for us to dilate upon the grace, charm, and appreciation of humour that are so happily combined in all she does. That this popular actress has the skill to give life to such a trumpery business as the burlesque of the *Lady of Lyons* is an achievement which speaks volumes for her cleverness. The author of this dreary affair appears to have no notion of genuine burlesque, and possesses just about as much appreciation of real fun as might be expected from a dromedary in bad health. The subject was a promising one for burlesque, but the writer has missed his opportunities with a persistence that is quite remarkable. But in spite of being thus heavily handicapped, Miss Thompson, with her trusty ally, Mr. Lionel Brough, by her side, gives a wonderful example of how bricks may be made without straw. As a dancer Miss Thompson has long been renowned, and most deservedly so. While Miss Thompson, Miss Kate Vaughan, and one or two other accomplished young ladies, are to the fore, it cannot be said that dancing is a lost art. None of that muscular contortion, energetic posturing, and imitations of a pair of badly-balanced compasses disfigure Miss Thompson's rhythmical and easy movements in the dance. Her good-humoured, pleasant manner at once puts her audience into a good temper, and we hope soon to be able to congratulate her upon more congenial employment than the representation of the heroine of a singularly bad burlesque. Our portrait is from a photograph taken by the London Stereoscopic Company.

MR. AMBROSE AUSTIN.

Mr. Ambrose Austin, though not, we believe, a singer himself, has long been the cause of much singing in others. *Poeta nascitur non fit* is a well known axiom: whether it is equally the case with managers of musical entertainments the proverb-makers have omitted to explain. It is certain that Mr. Austin displayed a natural inclination, and, what is more, a natural aptitude, to fill the post which he now occupies, for though destined by his friends for the very different occupation of watchmaking, Mr. Austin did not long devote himself to that business, but set off for America to practically study the art of management. In 1853 he returned and became manager of the "Réunion des Arts," and passed from that position to the post of director of St. James's Hall, where he has been for the last one-and-twenty years. Mr. Austin's services have also been devoted to the arrangement of musical performances at the Albert Hall, Alexandra Palace, and other places, and at Muswell Hill an audience of over one hundred thousand lately showed their warm appreciation of a programme compiled by him. His name, indeed, is a guarantee of excellence when appended to the announcement of a concert; and there are few of the most famous artists (why, we may once more parenthetically ask, will "gentle vulgarians" be guilty of the silly affectation of calling artists *artistes*?) who have not sung for Mr. Austin. His last concert is a case in point. The names of the singers and instrumentalists included Mlle. Schou, Miss Georgina Burns, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves—a sure card whom Mr. Austin very sensibly always tries to play—Mr. Maybrick, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Signor Graziani, Madame Essipoff, Senor Sarasate, and others. The late Mlle. Titiens, we may remark, made her last appearance at a concert at one of the popular performances arranged by Mr. Austin. In conclusion, we may say that the manager of St. James's Hall has well earned the reputation he enjoys.

SIGNOR ANTONIO ORSINI.

The accomplished musician, Antonio Orsini, whose portrait we this week publish, is a native of Naples, and enjoys a high reputation in Italy. His musical education was received at the Royal College of Music, Naples, where he studied the piano-forte with the head professor, Signor Coop; and harmony, counterpoint, and composition with the celebrated Staffa, whose merits are acknowledged by Fétis, in his "Biography of Illustrious Musicians," as one of the ablest representatives of the old Neapolitan school. While still a mere youth, Orsini distinguished himself as a solo pianist at concerts given at San Carlo, the Sala di Monte Olivato, the Sala dei Nobili, &c., and was appointed professor of harmony at the Italian National Association of Science, Literature, and Art. His first overture was played by the band of the Orfanotrofio, and he was invited to Rome, where he gave successful concerts at the Sala Argentina. At Rome he became acquainted with Madame Nantier Didiée and Signor Tamberlik, at whose advice he journeyed to London, and acted as *accompagnatore* to those celebrated artists. His stay in London was brief, as he was summoned to fulfil his term of service in the Italian army. He was made "capo musica" (conductor of the band) to the 54th Regiment, which post he gained by competition, and retained for nearly eight years, when his term of service expired, and he returned to Naples. Here were published, by Giannini, his ten fugues for four voices (a masterly work), and by De Angelis his "Rules for the study of counterpoint and musical composition," which has been warmly praised by Signor Mazzucato, Director of the Royal College of Music, Milan; Signor Bassini, professor of counterpoint at that institution; Signor Rossi, Director of the Royal College of Music, Naples; Signor Casamorata, Director of the Royal Musical Institute, Florence; and other eminent musicians. His excellent treatise on the "Art of Singing" was published by Gallo. On the 3rd May, 1875, his opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*, was produced at the Royal Fondo Theatre, Naples, with great success, the composer being called eight times before the curtain. Four years back his great work on "Instrumentation" was published, and has since been adopted as a text book at the Royal College of Music, Naples, and at the St. Cecilia Academy, Rome. An English translation of this valuable work is in course of preparation by Mr. J. Pittman. In March, 1877, Orsini gained the second place in a competition for the professorship of harmony, counterpoint, and composition at the Royal College of Music, Naples, and was immediately afterwards appointed deputy professor. Last year he revisited London, and was appointed professor of the piano at the London Academy of Music, and *maestro al piano* at Her Majesty's Opera. During Mr. Mapleson's absence in America some differences arose between his representatives and Signor Orsini, but we believe that these are likely to be amicably adjusted, and that Signor Orsini will resume his duties at Her Majesty's Opera. His second opera, *Catherine Howard*, is approaching completion, and two of his songs have recently been published by MM. Cramer and Co., with English translations by Mr. Henry Hersee. Signor Orsini, though still young, is a ripe musician, equally estimable as composer and teacher.

TYPES ON THE DERBY COURSE.

So much has been written about the Derby, so many columns fill the daily papers on the morning after the big event, that to dilate on the humours of the familiar scene would be worse than unnecessary. To the great majority of our readers the "humours of the course" must be perfectly familiar, and what passes for

humour on the road down. Last Wednesday fewer people went to Epsom than usual, according to authorities; but the huge gathering was large and varied enough to have peopled a new kingdom. The race of bookmakers have lost none of their wonted power of lung, and many such lambs as that on the left-hand corner of the drawing are about; while they can usually find a wolf to skin them. One cannot be demonstratively enthusiastic on the top of a coach without endangering the safety of one's neighbours, and if a man wants to know his fortune he can generally be accommodated—so far, at least, as a gipsy can do it for half-a-crown. Persons who are foolish enough to believe that the sort of men who make a precarious living on a race-course will sell them a purse full of half-crowns for eighteen-pence must buy experience; and if a greenhorn thinks he can outwit a card-sharper or a thimble-rigger, he is likely to find out his mistake and pay for the knowledge. These and other familiar lessons are enforced in Mr. Stretch's drawing of Types on the Derby Course.

A DAY WITH THE SURREY AND HOME COUNTIES FISHING CLUB.

In the old days of our solitary fishing excursions, we fear it was rather love of nature than of sport which took us to the rivers and lakes. Our operations were on such occasions not scientific, and decidedly primitive, and when we had settled down to work in some spot which the profundity of our ignorance had induced us to select, we either got absorbed in watching the sky and landscape, and so forgot all about the fish, or, in trying to concentrate our attention on the main purpose of our visit, we became more or less overpowered with a strong inclination to go to sleep; for which reason, we have always sympathised with that old gentleman, who, determined to win fame as an angler, took some frogs for bait, some bung corks for floats, and two hours after was found snoring in a punt, with the frogs squatting on the floating corks, and, as it were, laughing in his unconscious face.

Nevertheless, when it was proposed that we should accept an invitation to join an excursion of the Surrey and Home Counties Fishing Club, from Croydon to Ifield on the club coach, and bring home some sketches for this paper, we said "ay" as readily as if we had been Cotton and Sir Isaac Walton and Stoddard, and any other angling enthusiast, rolled into one. The headquarters of the club are at Cavan Villa, Whitehorse-road, Croydon, and to that address, sketch-book in hand, we went early on the morning of Saturday last. Going the more readily that we had not been invited to fish, but merely to see the waters, enjoy a ride through pretty scenery, lunch, and come home. To all of which tasks we felt sufficiently equal.

Cavan Villa, the club-house, is a snug, comfortable, suburban residence of the conventional type, with a little piece of garden-ground behind, at the end of which we found, much to our surprise, a large sheet of water, quite a lake, shut in by trees and high banks, walls and palings, with a neat little smoking-room beside it.

The mere, or small lake, has a surface of about three acres, and is fed by springs. Jacks are taken from it freely, and we hear favourable accounts of roach and bream, and there should be eels. It was originally a gravel pit. Gottlieb Boccius, no mean judge in a fisherman's estimation, says, a gentleman possessing spare land ought to have three ponds—one of three acres, and two others each of larger extent. This is precisely what the club now possesses. Here is the three-acre water; at Ifield, in Sussex, is a much larger piece of water also belonging to the club, from one corner of which we made the sketch which appears on another page; and at Oxted, one of the prettiest spots in the country, another extensive sheet of well-stocked water belongs to the same body of enthusiastic anglers. In each case there is, we are told, good bottom and a free open surface. It is the intention of the club managers not only to angle but to practice a little fish-farming for the improvement of their fish and the increasing of their number (both fish and fishermen), which, of course, means stocking freely, without that overstocking whereby the fish grow lean and poor and scarcely worth the catching. Boccius may be wisely consulted in this matter. He says: "To stock fish ponds with brood the following simple calculation is sufficient for direction, viz., to every acre of water in extent put in two hundred carp, twenty brood tench, and twenty brood jack; thus making 10 per cent. each of tench and jack to the carp; the brood must be all of one season's spawn. Therefore, to three acres there will be six hundred carp, sixty tench, and sixty jack; and the succession ponds are to be stocked in like proportions; the second year following the first, and the third again a year later, so that each pond then comes round in its turn to be fished." The writer had in view, however, a second and third pond, or rather mere, very much smaller in extent than the two larger pieces of water which belong to the Surrey and Home Counties Fishing Club.

While we were chatting at the entrance to the Croydon Mere—of which we made a sketch (see page, 248)—the members and their guests of the press were quickly arriving. Each was of a pleasant type and (angler-like) of a cheerful and social disposition, so that such of the pressmen and members as had not met before soon ceased to be strangers. Amongst the earliest arrivals was one to whom we all did reverence—an aged man of four score, having a venerable aspect, with white hair and beard, but hale and hearty, sound of tooth and stout of limb, the father of the good old Fishtorial Club, who was one of the first to join this body. He is probably the oldest and most experienced angler in England. An able master of the rod and pen, well known to the readers of *Bell's*—we sketched him also—says he is the oldest, as well he may be. This type of a veteran Waltonian eyes the water critically, asks sundry questions, and presently—to the joy of that gentlest of quiet, kindly men, the secretary—pronounces favourably, the while we admire the "father's" contented, placid, meditative aspect and surreptitiously make a sketch of him. The jolly manager—all anglers are proverbially jolly—who humorously introduces himself as "the damager"—which he isn't—suspects our purpose, and begs us not to add his "counterfeit presentment" to the collection we appear to be making, although he recommends to our attention Mr. William Mills, the secretary aforesaid, whom we promptly add to our little group of thumb-nail sketches. Perhaps we had already added the "damager," perhaps we hadn't; either way we kept our word.

In due time the club coach, which is to run regularly twice a week between Croydon and the Sussex waters, came rattling up to Cavan Villa in splendid form, shining and gleaming, with a glorious team and appointments of the highest class, and for coachman a gentleman who is one of the cleverest amateur whips on the road, Mr. Frank Parsons, of Purley or Pearly Hollow (our sketch-book was out as soon as we heard his name). To see him handle the ribbons was in itself no small treat for one whose father was in his time a famous driver of four-in-hand, and to ride on Mr. Parsons' coach is to praise the builder thereof, and that too without stint. Of course "father" takes the seat of honour beside the coachman, and he does so as a king should mount a throne—quietly, and as a matter of course, we, with two other pressmen—representing respectively *The Field* and *Bell's Life*—with our merry friend the "damager," sit behind him. We create quite a sensation as we drive through Croydon,

for in these days a coach and four-in-hand is a stirring sight which everybody runs to see; its horn is music in every ear; its passengers are applauded as public benefactors—Englishmen worthy of their country; little boys hurrah them, pretty girls kiss their hands to them (they do, indeed), and every drowsy village awakens to life as the coach goes through.

The day is magnificent and the ride most enjoyable. We pull up at the office of the great local paper to bring away its editor, and find Mr. Basil Young is, happily for literature and dramatic entertainment, "not dead, but gone before." We are to meet him at a place famous in old coaching days as the half-way stopping-place between London and Brighton—the village of Crawley, in Sussex. And here we could dwell right willingly upon all the sights and delights of that pleasant journey—of tramps sitting under the hedges; of gloomy old men loitering by the roadside, who suddenly became young and active, and wave their hats merrily and vigorously to see once more that sensation of their boyhood, a new old-fashioned coach; of gleeful and astonished children bursting from cottage doors and gardens to give us a parting cheer; of darlings who waved their white hands to us, and drove the younger members frantic with their ill-restrained desires to go no farther; of noble parks and country seats; of a kind of miniature Crystal Palace, built beside the residence by the late proprietor of the *Standard* newspaper; of "the Cottage of Content," a funny little roadside inn, where we change horses and meet "Aunty," who claims for the gods of her idolatry a four-in-hand drag and the Duke of Beaufort. I happened to tell her what everybody knows, that the duke had gone abroad. On the strength of which piece of choice information the dear old lady at once regarded me as one of the duke's personal friends, and, only for his precious sake, mark you! patted and smiled and flattered and made downright love to me in the merriest and most amusing way conceivable.

On we go, now in the hollow now on the hillside, the delightful scenery changing at every stride to some new image of beauty and interest, pictures abounding in every direction—woody hills and valleys, great stretches of heath and common, running streams which excite the anglers, and set them talk-of fish and fishing; lakes and ponds full of temptation, quaint little villages and their ancient churches; rich, fat, meadow land, and fields still suggesting their origin; felled, cleared land in the midst of woods; chalky cliffs, and lofty overhanging banks, thickly clothed with luxuriant vegetation; bicycle-riders and pedestrians on a tour, etc., etc., until at length we reach Crawley in the old forest district, where we pull up at the George, and go to see the house of the late Mark Lemon, of whom our jolly "damager" is full of the most interesting personal recollections, and wait at the railway station for the next train, and find that Mr. Basil Young still has "gone before." And so soon after we reach Ifield, where a capital lunch is prepared for us, to which we do ample justice.

The scenery at Ifield is very lovely in its quiet way, and such of the members of the club as not only fish but sketch will find it equally available for both purposes. There is water, and distance, and old trees, old water and wind mills, and old cottages with picturesque new villa residences and picturesquely old manor houses in its immediate neighbourhood. The George at Crawley provides "good accommodation for man and beast," and the railway "arrangements in steam" are convenient for those who must not be too far, or too long, away from smoky, traffic-haunted London.

One thing we had forgotten. At the Surrey Drovers we paused on the road down with scant ceremony but the heartiest goodwill to present our driver, in the name of the club, with a silver-mounted whip. It was very much in the style of "There's the Mug," and "Oh! that's the Mug" presentation of which you may have heard, but it added zest to our enjoyment.

Of the drive home we have no space to tell. How merry we were, especially, hem! after luncheon, provided by one of the oldest of this paper's subscribers, the landlord of the Surrey Drovers, who boasted, after lunch, that give him a tablecloth and a piece of black chalk—no more, no less—and he would draw a horse with any man, aye, even with the redoubtable John Sturgess himself. How anecdotes, and chaff, and curious stories, and (when the road grew dark and deserted) even songs abounded. How Mrs. Mark Lemon eyed us with interest from the parlour window of her little white cottage. How we all admired the display of strength, and skill, and cool-headedness of the gentleman who had given unwavering attention to his really very tiring task—although it looked so little like it—in driving us so far for no more reward than the gratification he derived from performing his laborious undertaking; and how at the luncheon we drank his health, and vowed "all of us" that he was "a jolly good fellow" in full chorus, with three times three in hip, hip, hurrah! and meant it, every burst, must remain untold with many another incident and feature of that summer day's outing, of which we shall ever retain a pleasant recollection.

A CHIEF AMONG THEM.

MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

Our article on this subject appeared in due course last week. The preparation of a drawing, however, naturally occupies a great deal more time than the writing of an article; and as the meet took place on the day before this journal goes to press, it was obviously impossible to give the pen and pencil illustrations in the same number. We leave our readers to say with what skill Mr. Sturgess has made a picture of a subject which is exceedingly difficult to treat. A coach going broadside on is a familiar sketch, but to give a really graphic idea of the life and movement of such a scene as the Meet of the Four-in-Hand Club is a very different matter.

A TERRIBLE FOE.

A terrible foe indeed, mangling and crushing in its enveloping folds with irresistible strength, before deliberately and cautiously unwinding its monstrous body in preparation for its strange process of swallowing. These gigantic snakes are often thirteen and fourteen feet in length and nearly three feet in circumference, so that one can easily understand the terrible stories told of the boa in its native land.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES FREEING THE BRIDGES.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, like another Godiva of the other sex, but fully clothed, has taken away the tax which has so often been metaphorically sent to Coventry—that of the five bridges now freed from toll. Our readers have already read in their daily papers full accounts of the ceremonies observed, and the heartiness with which the practical advantages secured were recognised. The Prince, Princess, and their Royal children were received with enthusiastic loyalty, and the occasion was fittingly observed on the day of the Queen's 60th birthday. Along the line of route flags, banners, and festoons of green leaves and bouquets of fresh flowers, with gay carpets and draperies, hung out over the balconies, and gave the houses an aspect of holiday-like rejoicing. The Chelsea pensioners were marshalled forth in front of their hospital, and the

volunteers and the Duke of York's boys marched forth to do honour to a beloved Prince. Sir James Hogg and the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works were there. The Archbishop of Lambeth came from his palace to give a religious tone to the ceremony, and sundry and various M.P.'s provided a political element. The day was fine, the river bright and busy with its crowds of steamers, yachts, boats and barges.

Punctually at the time appointed, and within a few minutes of the expected signal, Sir James Hogg, scroll in hand, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Members of Parliament, and the Board of Works repaired to the gate of the bridge. Across its deserted road trotted the police guard of look-out men, and three Royal carriages followed, each with a coachman and footman in scarlet. The first carriage contained the suite, the second was that of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the third was that of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince of Denmark. To this august party was subsequently added the two little sailor Princes, who sat facing their parents. When the first carriages had passed into the ranks of the general procession a halt was made, and Sir James Hogg, advancing to the carriage door, made a profound bow, and presented to the Prince the scroll, rolled up and bound with ribbon. Like a discreet courtier, Sir James hesitated to inflict upon the Royal party the address of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and doubtless desired to set an example to all mayors, burgesses, and common councilmen until the end of time. But this was not an ordinary occasion, and the Prince was evidently prepared to hear the document at full length. Sir James Hogg, who was retiring, was summoned back, the Prince asked that the paper might be read, and the Princess smiling courteously the while, the Chairman of the Board pronounced the formal address, which we need not again inflict upon our readers. The Prince graciously replied in a short speech, ending with, "Let me state that the Princess and myself are always ready to assist in advancing any object which identifies us with the population of London and which tends to promote the interests of the public. I declare this bridge open and free for ever." The procession was finally marshalled, and, leaving the Archbishop's palace and the deserted bridge, now free for ever, the cavalcade started on its path of liberation. It went along the Albert Embankment, and past the potters' land, where Mr. Doulton has erected a veritable palace of art, and shows the striking effect of a combination of brick-work and coloured pottery, heartily welcomed by hundreds of artisans, their wives and children, across Vauxhall Bridge, with its sudden view of the river reach and distant towers; until, on the Middlesex shore, the keys and paraphernalia of Vauxhall Bridge were handed over to Sir James Hogg, and the Prince dedicated this also to the public use for ever. There was a smaller crowd than might have been expected in the Grosvenor-road; but the prettiest part of the route came with Chelsea Bridge and Battersea Park, which were thronged with people, and here the procession passed over, turned round, and returned to the old-fashioned Chelsea district, only pausing for the Prince to give his commands on the return journey. The roadway in front of Chelsea College was crowded with carriages, and from here across the Albert Bridge, along the Park-road, Battersea, over Battersea Bridge, along Cheyne-walk, and through the crowds of Oakley-street, the scene was one constant succession of pleasant variety and surprise. The boys from the Duke of York's School, with their full band, the South Middlesex Volunteers, the Surrey Engineers, and the Surrey Artillery, children from the district schools with odes and hymns, and who shall say how many salutes from cannon on the river bank were seen and heard at constant intervals, until in Oakley-street—where there was to be observed an elaborate system of house-to-house decoration—the procession and the Royal party separated company, and the crowd, with difficulty repressed, at last broke in, when the ceremony was at an end. The Royal carriages went home, the official representatives repaired to a luncheon to which they had been invited at the Chelsea Vestry Hall, and the amused public awaited with eagerness the illuminations and the fireworks which supplemented the proceedings of the day. At the banquet the graceful eloquence of Lord Cadogan—whose lady, presenting a bouquet, our artist has included in his page of sketches—was heartily appreciated by his tenants assembled at the hospitable board, but the speeches were brief and characteristic, and there was only one opinion concerning the management and arrangement of the Metropolitan Board of Works throughout the day's proceedings.

CIVIL SERVICE SPORTS.

The sixteenth annual meeting of Her Majesty's Civil Service was successfully brought off at Lillie Bridge Grounds, West Brompton, on Saturday last. The weather being all that could be desired, the sports were witnessed by a large and fashionable assemblage, their Serene Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Teck also gracing the meeting with their presence, the Duchess afterwards presenting the prizes. As "Exon" has dealt with these sports on another page, we need not supply details here. The band of the Royal Marines, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Kappéy, enlivened the proceedings during the afternoon with a good selection of music, and the sports terminated punctually at six o'clock.

THE SIX DAYS' SWIMMING MATCH.

Captain Webb won the first prize in the swimming contest which took place last week at the Lambeth Baths, his distance at the finish on Saturday night being 7½ miles, an average of a little over 12 miles a day. There is nothing among previous records to compare with this performance. There was a large attendance on Saturday, when our artist made his sketches, and when all was over Captain Webb was presented with a commemorative medal.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN AND THE EDINBURGH THEATRE.—The proceedings connected with the Interdict obtained by Mr. Barry Sullivan, on the 14th of March last, against the managers of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, restraining them from letting the said theatre for a morning performance of the "Stradella Opera Company," on the last day of his (Mr. Sullivan's) engagement at the said theatre, have terminated. Messrs. Howard and Logan prayed the court that, in consideration of their paying all the costs, the action might be stayed. The Lord Ordinary allowed Mr. Sullivan, along with the costs, half of the penalty of ten pounds, paid to stamp the agreement.

FLEAS AND OTHER INSECTS IN DOGS.—NALDIRE'S TABLET.—(the Prize Medal Dog Soap) instantly destroys Insects, cleanses the Skin, and improves the Coat. Price 1s., of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Grocers.—[ADVT.]

SOZODONT.—The peerless liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scurf from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name Sozodont on the box, label, and bottle.—[ADVT.]

A CENTRAL AMERICAN COCK PIT.

PERSONALLY I could never see any sport in cock fighting, though our grandfathers and their fathers before them looked upon it as a highly diverting pastime, and to see a good main of cocks would go any distance, and put themselves, without a murmur, to any amount of inconvenience. The only two fights at which I have been present were, one in England, or rather Ireland, and the other in the city of Guatemala, in Central America. The first of the two occasions was an impromptu affair, got up by an officer in a cavalry regiment, which ended without blood being spilt. The *dénouement* was rather amusing, so I will give the story. The arrangements had been made to bring the fight off in M—'s quarters, and for the purpose he had had his carpet taken up in the inner room and extemporised a pit. Invitations had been issued to a select few, and at 2 p.m. we were all assembled, and the fun (?) commenced. There were four fighting cocks, and M— himself handled one while a fur-capped individual, known as "Larry," presided over the destinies of the antagonists. "Larry" was a character in his way, he was a little bit of everything, partly bird fancier and dog dealer, partly rat catcher and wholly poacher, a capital judge of a horse, and possessed the greatest capacity for swallowing raw whiskey that I ever saw. The standing joke was to put a tea-spoonful of cayenne pepper into a wine glass of "the craytur," and after stirring it well up, to give it to "Larry" to drink, which he did without winking his eye, merely exclaiming, "Begorrah, but it's fine stuff to lay hold of yer." The number of glasses so doctored that he managed to put away in the course of the day one would think must have made him ill, but they had no visible effect; so presumably he had a different lining to that given to ordinary mortals. Such was the gentleman who had kindly consented to be assistant master of the ceremonies. Outside the door was posted the last joined cornet, to see that the coast was clear, and that neither the colonel nor major might unexpectedly "drop in" on the proceedings. All being in readiness the fight commenced, and after a prodigious amount of hustling and expletives Larry placed his bird on the ground, and, executing a war dance, bade it "set to for the honour of Ould Ireland." In the midst of the fluttering and flapping the cornet sentry rushed in, whispering, "Cave, here's the Colonel coming." For M— to seize one cock and Larry the other was the work of an instant, and both were deposited in the inner room under the bed, with Larry to keep them safe, while we all dashed out into the other room, slammed the door and disposed ourselves in various positions, endeavouring to look as innocent as we could under the circumstances, an effort that in some instances was a palpable failure. Just as we were all comfortably seated there came a knock at the door, and on M— shouting "Come in," the Colonel appeared. Looking round the room, he said, "Ah, M—, got quite a levee I see; I came to ask you if you would like to drive over with me to the pigeon match this afternoon." "Thanks, Colonel, I'll come," replied M—. "What time do you start?" "In about an hour I shall be ready, and will call for you," continued the Colonel, "and—" At this moment, to our consternation, from the depths of the inner chamber came a most unmistakable "Cock-a-doodle-do!" followed by a burst of eloquence from Larry, and from the further sounds which followed, it was evident that he was chasing the refractory animal. "Chuck, chuck, tuck, caw." "Arrah, bad luck to ye, ye spalpeen—be gorrah, that's near ye!" "Chuck, tuck, tuck, ta-w!"—bang came a boot against the door. "Bad swan to ye for the loikes of an illigant bird to behave as ye'r doin'. Arrah, be the powers, I've got ye." And the suppressed notes of the cock showed that he was a prisoner, and, moreover, in close confinement. With a twinkle in his eye, the Colonel said to the crestfallen M—, "I did not know you kept poultry, M—, but I can't allow them in the quarters, you know, they make such a mess. You must keep them outside. I think you might have sent me an egg anyhow." And, with a parting injunction to be ready in an hour, he retired. Such a roar of laughter as greeted his exit I never heard, and it was only augmented when Larry, now penitent and humble, put his head in, and began to explain how it was that the fowl had got abroad. "Bedad, yer honour, it's myself that's moighty sorry that that ill-behaved bird should have disgraced himself, but if you were to give me all the whiskey in Ireland it'd bate me to tell yer how the blackguard got out. Eh, but phwat did the Colonel say? However, they're all straight now, yer honour, I've laid 'em in the bed and pulled the sheets on 'em."

"What?" said M—, "You've put the birds inside my bed? You scoundrel, take 'em out again at once." "And for why not?" replied the incorrigible Larry, "sure the Colonel might be after looking for them himself, and it wasn't Larry Doolan that was going to be cottedched. But if yer honour's a mind I'll take 'em out, though they look illigant in the bed." Of course the birds were got out of barracks as quickly as possible, and Larry duly comforted with a reward and plenty of whiskey. The party broke up, and most of us met at the pigeon match, where M— informed us that the Colonel had been giving him a talking to on the way over, on the impropriety of cock-fighting in barracks. It was some years after the foregoing event that I found myself assisting at another *séance*, and this time it was the regular business, carried out without fear of interruption, and with all the disgusting details attached to the sport (?). It was on a fine morning in January that my friend F— and myself received at the hotel in Guatemala, Central America, where we were staying, a polite invitation from the ex-President of the Republic, to come and witness his cocks fight a main with those of a champion cock-fighter who also resided in the city. Accordingly after breakfast we ordered our mules, and set off in quest of the *rendezvous*. After riding over a mile or so of villainously-paved streets, reminding one forcibly of Mexico, we at last reached the pit, a high circular house, something like a small circus, coated with white-wash, and surrounded by verandas hung with grass mats to keep the sun off. Outside the edifice were long lines of low sheds, in which were penned numerous game cocks of all sorts and sizes, and round the doorway were congregated a crowd of ruffians of the lowest type—a company that on the spur of the moment induced one's right hands to feel if one's "six-shooters" were at home in the revolver pockets. Giving up our mules to our "arriero" to look after, we pushed through, and, presenting our cards, were duly ushered into the reserved seats set apart for us. True, they were nothing more than an ordinary plank on which to sit, but we had the advantage of being railed off from the common herd, and were next to the referee, who occupied a sort of box, somewhat resembling the judge's box at a race-meeting. When we had disposed ourselves as comfortably as, under the circumstances, we were able, we had time to look round, as the champions had not yet arrived. It was a curious sight; the galleries or tiers were crammed, their occupants being wedged in like sardines in a box, without distinction of rank or race. Guatemalteco nobles of ancient Spanish descent had for their neighbours half-dressed Indians and cut-throat ruffians of the lowest origin. A few women, dotted about here and there, and soldiers in uniform completed the picture. A deal of betting was being carried on, principally by signs. The man who wanted to back Signor Don

Thomas's bird would shout out "So many 'pesos' (dollars) Don Thomas!" and wait for some one to take it up. If the bet was too high or too low, the would-be taker, holding up his hands, signified by the number of fingers he intended the amount he was willing to wager, and the bet was booked by a corresponding signal. All money was paid on the nail, which, under the circumstances, was a wise regulation. Presently we became aware, by the cessation of the row, that someone of note had arrived, and in a few moments our courteous host, greeted by a cheer, took his place by our side, and the signal was given for the birds to be brought in. The first thing that surprised me was a packet of what looked like surgical knife blades, about 5 inches long and sharp as razors. These were laid on the shelf in front of the referee, who proceeded to measure them carefully. On enquiring what they were for, I was informed that they were "the spurs" which were strapped on to the contending birds, one blow being, as a rule, sufficient to cause instant death. I am not sure that this system is not less cruel than the ordinary method, though it certainly made it more a matter of chance, for often a defeated bird, in trying to get away from its victor, accidentally gave the *coup de grâce*, and if it could stand up and walk round was proclaimed the winner, usually amidst a storm of hisses. However, to continue. After a "dummy set to" of no seeming interest to the assembled throng the big event came on, and the rivals were brought in, carefully handled, with a cloth thrown over them. Duly armed with the formidable knives, they were set and the fight commenced. From this moment our host was completely transformed, with eyes nearly starting out of his head, he kept working his left hand telegraphing bets, while with his right he jotted down on paper the amounts, addressing his *gallina* from time to time in the language of the poets. To speak to him was a work of supererogation, his whole attention was so riveted on the fight, and his 'book,' that he was deaf to all outside sounds. In a couple of seconds the adversaries bird lay gasping on the ground stabbed to the heart, and plaudits long and loud greeted his success. The only word he uttered was "bueno," and proceeded diligently to cast up his accounts, which came to somewhere about two thousand dollars. At this moment there was a deuce of a shindy among the gods, and we were told that we had best get out as quickly as possible as there was every chance of a free fight. Changing our revolvers from their pockets behind, into our breasts, we charged the door, and swinging a sentry who tried to stop us out of the way, dashed down the narrow flight of stairs, F— missing his footing, tumbled against me, and down we both rolled to the bottom, he indignant sentry coming after to assert his authority. However, before he reached us we had picked ourselves up, and finding our mules where we left them, we rode off, glad enough to find ourselves in the open air, and away from the scene of cruelty. We dined that night with the ex-president, who told us that he had won about six hundred pounds altogether, having, after landing close upon fifteen hundred, lost more than half on one fight. He also informed us that the reason of the row was that some cabillers refused to pay up, and, as strangers were not popular among the "scum," he had told us to go away in case of a fight. He was not far wrong, as it appeared, for there was a pretty little scrimmage in which the "welsher" got two knives into his ribs, and three others were badly wounded. Such is a brief description of my second and, I trust, my last appearance in the cock-pit, for nothing will convince me that it is not a most depraving and cruel thing, and only a medium for the heaviest gambling. The prices which a good game cock will realise in Guatemala are fabulous, and no present you could devise, however costly, would be so appreciated as a couple of good English birds, though, with the way they arm them, I cannot see that a good cock has any advantage over the tamest of farm-yard chanticleers. Still the good people of Central America seem to think differently, and as they are content to lose the earnings of a lifetime on one bird, in two or three three minutes, they presumably ought to know something about it. So long as I am not asked again to witness this form of recreation I am singularly indifferent as to the respective merits of the various fighting cocks.

BAGATELLE.

THE first great flower-show of the season at the Crystal Palace was held on Saturday last. The attractive nature of the show and the fineness of the weather brought together a large and fashionable assemblage.

THE VISIT OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.—For the information of "Outremer" and others we may observe that a few seats at the Gaiety for the approaching performances of the Comédie Française remain unsold, and will be disposed of at the doors if not previously taken.

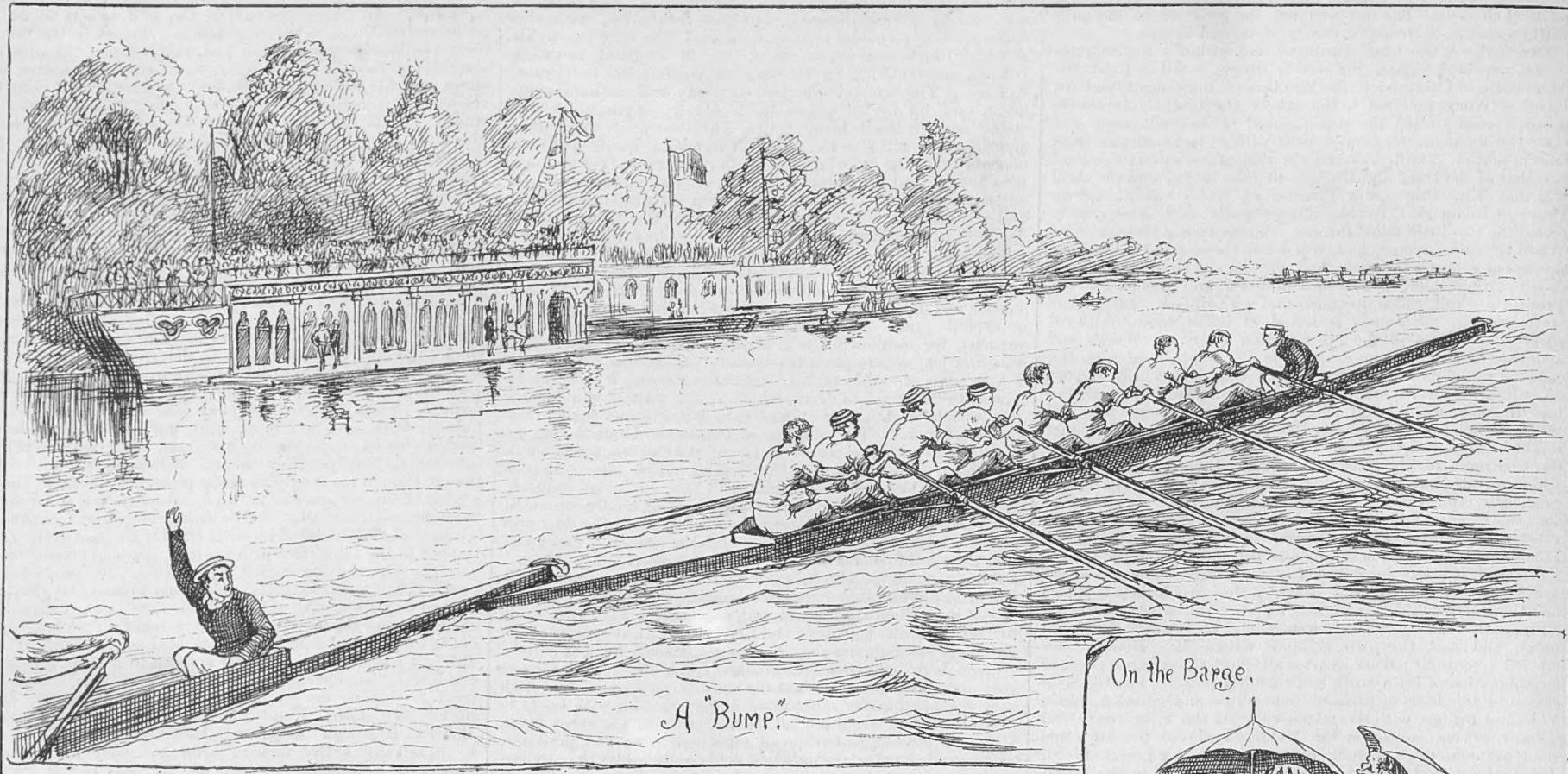
The All-England Lawn Tennis Matches for the silver challenge cup presented by the Oxford University Lawn Tennis Club were brought to a conclusion by the survivors of the various heats, viz., the representatives of the Carlton and Cheam Clubs contending, Messrs. L. R. Erskine and H. F. Lawford doing battle for the former, and Messrs. G. E. Tabor and Durant for the latter. The Cheam men, the favourites, went off with the lead, and surprised the spectators by winning the first set, but the second went to the Conservatives, and the game was called one set all, and shortly after five games all. Carlton, however, won the third set, but their opponents rallied at this point, and the play proceeded evenly. It was three sets all, five games all. Here "vantage" game was called, and Carlton, winning two in succession, became possessed of the silver challenge cup, provided for the club by Mr. F. Souldy.

The Plantation Minstrels, a troupe of talented amateur Christys, gave an entertainment at the Westbourne Hall on Saturday week last, in aid of the sufferers in the Zulu War, and deserve much praise for the completeness of the programme. The instrumental part was decidedly the strongest, but the singing of Messrs. Burlington and Leighton was highly enjoyable. Mr. Powys also was much appreciated, and contributed greatly to the success of the evening by his comicality. We were surprised and sorry to see such a meagre audience, and fear the sufferings of those for whom the benefit was intended will not be much alleviated by the profits (?) of the performance.

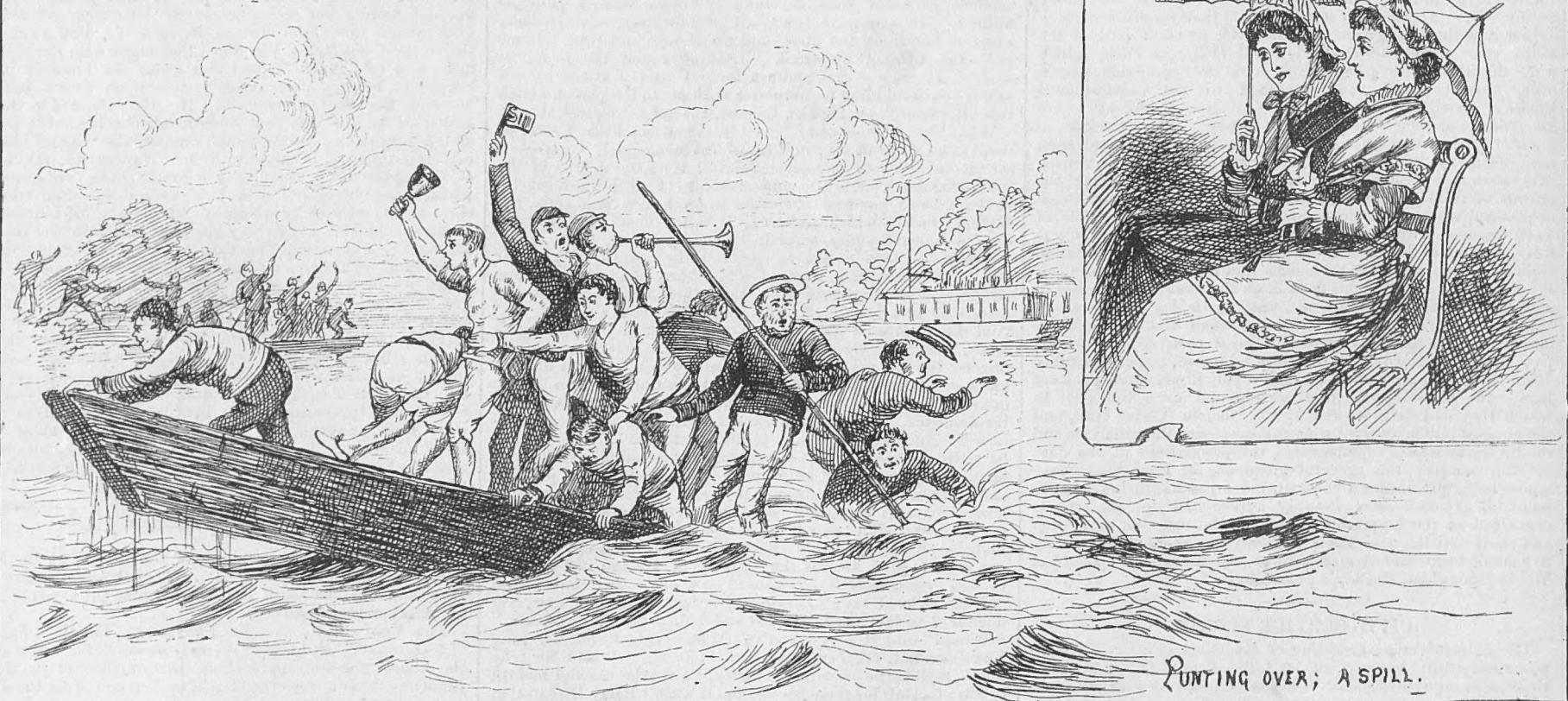
HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—**LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE** is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

EAU FIGARO. The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 6s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.—[ADVT.]

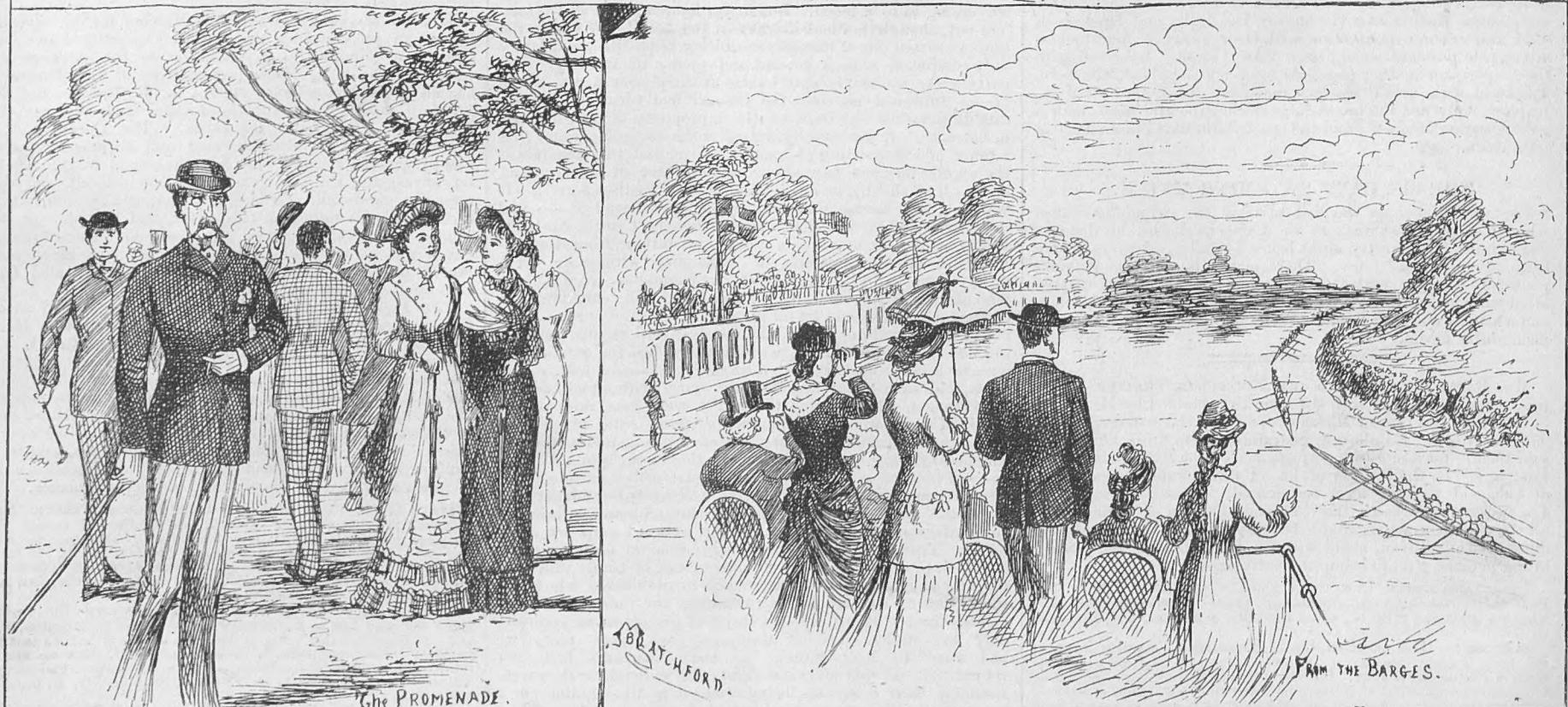
Mrs. — of 105, Eaton-place, Belgravia, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left-off clothes, &c. [ADVT.] Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVT.]



A "BUMP."

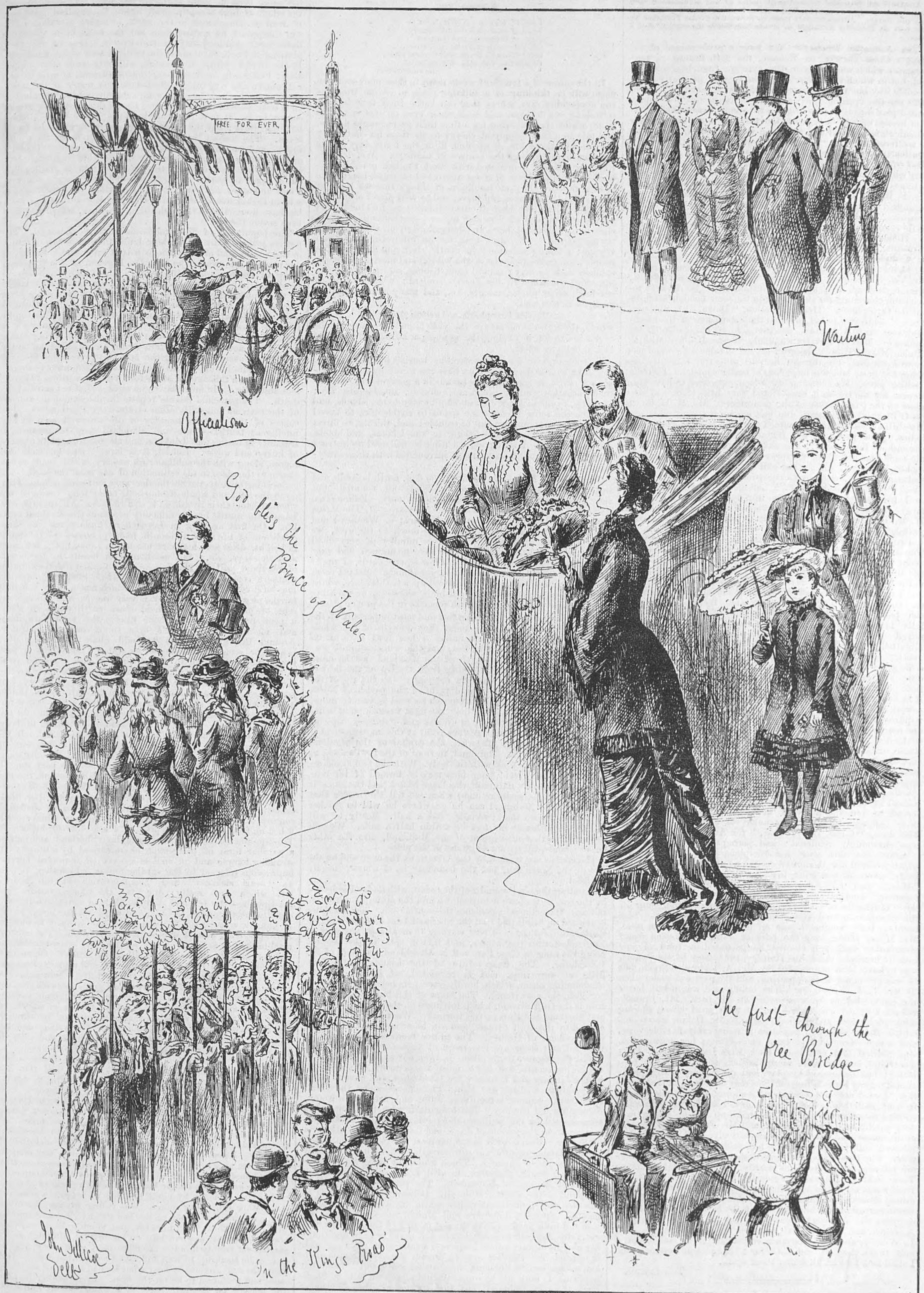


PUNTING OVER; A SPILL.



The PROMENADE.

FROM THE BARGES.



THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed; in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

THE ADELAIDE DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance at the King's Cross Theatre, on Monday, the 26th instant—a performance which was funny in the extreme from beginning to end, but in which the amusement was created in nearly every possible way but that intended by the performers. *The Area Belle* was the opening farce, and was certainly the best represented play during the evening, for the simple reason that whatever license may be taken with the parts it must of necessity remain amusing. After a very long wait, in which, in response to vociferous calls for "the band" from all parts of the house, a gentleman played a selection from *Pinafore* on the piano. *All That Glitters is Not Gold* followed. Mr. A. Wellesley made a very wicked Sir Arthur, with peculiar ideas as to the costume baronets usually appear in at a ball. The most I can say for Mr. F. Baylis, as Joshua, is that he knew his part, and got entangled among the H.'s as little as any other member of the company. The honours of the evening (if there were any) were carried off by Mr. M. H. Smith, as Stephen. Mr. C. Henderson appeared remarkably fond of his wedding garments, for, after an interval of three months spent in a diplomatic mission to Russia, he was again seen in identically the same costume in which he was married. Mr. Vesey attempted to be funny as Toby but signally failed. Miss Strickland, too, appeared to think her "headgear" remarkably charming, for she wore it in the same fashion throughout the three pieces. Her adjuration, "Down, little flutterer, down!" addressed to her heart on the appearance of the aforementioned very wicked baronet, created a deep impression on her audience. Miss A. Roberts was Lady Westendleigh. Miss E. Minna (Martha Gibbs), though I should imagine a beginner, yet showed promise. She dressed the part properly, evidently was doing her best, and was deserving of better support. The concluding piece, *My Friend in the Straps*, appeared to have been chosen for the reason it necessitated very little change of costume on the part of some of the performers. Mr. M. H. Smith (as O'Blarney) was again the best among the gentlemen, and Miss Minna (as Caroline) occupied the same position among the ladies. The prompter was frequently, very frequently, heard throughout the evening. The audience was friendly, and yet at the same time not afraid of expressing its opinions in very plain-spoken language. On the last exit of Sir Arthur, Toby, as the footman, was requested by an occupant of a seat in the dress-circle to "Put him out, tiger!" Altogether, the Adelaide, or, as I fear most of its members would call it, the *Hadelaide*, must work hard before it is deserving of the praise which Mr. H. M. Smith evidently deemed it entitled to in the self-congratulatory speech he made at the conclusion of the drama.

THE LEYTONSTONE AMATEUR OPERA AND COMEDY COMPANY, on Tuesday evening, the 27th inst., gave a performance at Grosvenor Hall, of a comic opera, in two acts, entitled *Daisy Dingle*, the libretto being the work of Mr. Henry J. Dakin, and the music that of Mr. J. H. Maunder. The work was a new one, and I may say at once reflected great credit on all engaged in it. Of plot there is very little, but what there is deals with the pair of lovers who, by means of a letter which falls into wrong hands, and a scene in the dark, get mixed up in the way stage lovers sometimes do. Eventually lights are brought in, explanations follow, and the lovers pair off as every one expects they will. The dialogue is for the most part bright and amusing, and is cut down to the smallest proportions, prominence being given to the lyric portions of the work. The author would have done better if he had, in one or two of the songs, eliminated a verse, for in a work of this description, when song follows song, the ear requires constant variety, and wearies if it dwells too long on one number. A few of Mr. Dakin's rhymes might be amended with effect. Mr. Maunder has written some tuneful and sparkling music, catching and bright, without being deep, the one fault that struck me being a too great similarity between many of the airs. But be this as it may there is no doubt that they were appreciated by the audience, for had all the encores been responded to, the opera would have been performed nearly twice instead of once. The opening chorus, "We're on strike," served to put the audience in a good humour, and whet their appetite for the remainder of the tuneful feast. The duet, "Come, Daisy, dear," for Adolphus and Daisy, was charmingly rendered; and perhaps the gem of the evening was the song for Adolphus, "Just like love," which received a well-merited encore, as did the song, "Dolly, Dolly, where are you going to?" for Daisy. Very funny, too, was the duet for John and Polly, "We'll lay our heads together," a cuckoo effect being introduced. In the second part, the "Husbandman's Chorus," unaccompanied, and sung in the distance behind the scenes, was undoubtedly the best number, Daisy singing a solo on the stage at the same time. Mr. Henry Baker sang the part of John Peablossom (bass) remarkably well, and showed he possessed a fund of low comedy humour. Adolphus Hairdyne, the village barber (tenor), was to have been represented by Mr. A. Lawrence Fryen, but he was prevented from appearing, and the part was undertaken by Mr. T. P. Frame, for whom indulgence was asked, but it was not needed, as he was perfect in his part. Mr. Frame's voice is a light tenor, and he used it with good effect, singing with great taste and feeling. Miss Nellie Dakin, who represented Daisy (soprano), possesses a remarkably flexible voice, and a very clear and pleasant enunciation; her acting, too, was natural and effective. Had Miss Laura Dakin, Polly (contralto), been a little more distinct, she would have been better; but her comic by-play, and quiet humour sufficiently atoned for any little falling off there may have been in that direction. I must not omit to mention the chorus, which was well up to its work, and contained some good voices. The first bumpkin is also entitled to commendation for his make-up and his acting in a very small part. The composer and Mr. Frank Mead presided at the piano and harmonium respectively. All the characters received calls when the curtain fell, as did the author and composer, who bowed their acknowledgments. *Ici on Parle Français* followed, and went right merrily. Mr. H. J. Dakin, taking Toole as his model, made an amusing Spriggins, and Mr. C. H. Parker was very good as Dubois. Mr. R. Thompson's Rattan caused shouts of laughter; his make-up was excellent. Miss L. Dakin carried off the honours among the ladies as Anna Maria; she was the overworked slave to the life. Miss Spriggins, Angelina, and Julia were represented by Miss N. Dakin, Miss L. Winney, and Miss Herming respectively. In conclusion, I must thank the L.O. and C.C. for a very pleasant evening, and I shall look forward to seeing them again.

TOM STYLUS.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys bugs, fleas, moths, beetles, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See you purchase "KEATING'S," as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by all Chemists.

—[ADVT.]

THE SHETLAND ISLES,

AS A COOL SUMMER RESORT FOR YACHTING, SEA AND TROUT FISHING, ETC.

Land of Isles in a Northern sea:—
Land of mist, and storms' revelry:—
Land of the raven, and sea-new,
Of eagle bold, and wild curlew:—
Land of brown heath, and treeless plain,
Of winding vœ, and surging main.

LANDSBOROUGH.

In the course of a few short weeks many in these more southern parts will be thinking of a suitable place to escape from the sun's scorching rays, where they can bathe their faces in cool, refreshing sea breezes, and feast their eyes on scenes new to them, whilst they unstring for a time their overwrought nerves, and take in a fresh supply of energy to fit them for continuing the fierce battle of life, as we find it in the latter days of the nineteenth century in the centres of industry. We, by this time, are all well acquainted with most English sea-side residences. Inland places of resort afford less pleasure, because we meet with much the same condition of things that we leave at home. The Continent is expensive, and to visit places of interest requires capital, and when at our destination we find bustle and excitement instead of rest and repose. So that, suppose for a change the Shetland Isles are determined upon, what may the tourist expect? He may look for an interesting short sea voyage; a hearty welcome from gentle, civil, and always polite people; an endless variety of the wildest and most appallingly sublime rock scenery; capital trout-fishing, sea-bathing, boating, and yachting to his heart's content; wild shooting at sea-fowl, snipe, plover, rabbits, &c., and many more delightful pastimes in this cool

Land of brown heath, and treeless plain,

where, through one month in the year (June), the sun may be said never to set, if reading the newspaper at midnight may be looked upon as a test.

In order to be of service to intending tourists in this direction, it will be well to divide what we have got to say into three divisions:—First, to speak of the islands in a general way, such as their situation and surroundings, climate, inhabitants, &c.; secondly, to conduct the tourist step by step to the islands, and describe the route in sufficient detail to enable him to travel thither at a minimum amount of trouble; and, thirdly, to direct his steps to the scenery and fishing in the islands, and hotels, conveyances, &c. Boating and yachting he will need no instructions about, as he will find himself surrounded with these everywhere he turns.

The Shetland Isles lie in about the 60 deg. north latitude, and include about one hundred small islands all counted, but the larger ones are about half-a-dozen only. Enumerated according to their importance and size, they are:—1. The Mainland; 2. Yell island; 3. Unst; 4. Bressay; 5. Whalsay; and 6. Fetlar. The island of Foula, lying much to the west, we shall speak of afterwards. The large number of very small islands lie around the larger ones we have mentioned, and vary in size from little rocks containing a few square yards of upper surface to the size approaching the larger islands. Most of them are too small and unimportant to dwell upon in this place, whilst others possess an interest from a fishing, shooting, or yachting point of view which will call forth remarks in the proper place.

The Mainland is by far the largest and most important of the group, and in size constitutes about three-fourths of the whole islands. In shape it is not unlike a hen fowl with all its feathers on, suspended by the feet, and the wings slightly extended backwards. The length of the Mainland, as the crow flies, is about fifty miles, reckoning from the tip of the beak—Sumburgh Head (most southern extremity)—to the tip of the tail, which is the most northern point of the parish of North Maven. The greatest width from east to west is twenty miles, again reckoning as the crow flies; the most western point being the seaboard of the parish of Walls and Sandness (tips of fowl's wing), and the most eastern point at this measurement is the Neep of Nesting. Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland Isles, is situated on the Mainland, in front of the fowl's neck, at the juncture of the neck with the body. With the two measurements we have given, some idea may be formed of the sea-beaten, water-worn nature of this large island (and the same is true of all the other large ones) when we tell the reader that nowhere on the Mainland can he go where he will be further away from the sea than two miles and a half. Mostly he will find the sea either at his feet or within half a mile. We will leave the further description of the Mainland, also the other larger islands, till we act as guides at the place.

The islands are washed by the Atlantic on the west and on the east by the North Sea, but the boundary is, of course, largely artificial.

Standing thus in the midst of the ocean, with its land indented by the sea, as we have described, we find the atmosphere that of the sea. The climate astonishes the southerner. The traveller is amazed on being told that the Shetland Isles have an equable temperature for the most part warmer than almost any part of England during the winter, and this in spite of the latitude being the same as Cape Farewell in Greenland, or that of St. Petersburg. The temperature of the islands varies very little at any time, and is regulated, of course, by the surrounding ocean, which hardly ever gets below 45° or above 55° Fah. the year round. The cause of this high-sea temperature is the Gulf Stream, which infringes on the shores of Orkney and Shetland and thus carries warmth. West Indian fruits are carried by the Gulf Stream, and can be occasionally picked up on the shores of Orkney. The winter temperature is mild, so that ice and snow are less frequent visitors than in London, whilst the summer temperature is from 55° to 60°. August is the hottest month, and has a mean temperature of about 54°, whilst January and February are the coldest, and have a mean temperature of about 38° Fah. The seasons are on the whole later there; summer being June, July, and August; autumn, September and October. The long dark winter is more than compensated by the brilliant short summer, which fairly commences about the middle of June, and lasts for two months or a little over. November is so frequently a delightful month, that the Shetlanders call the fine warm weather which then frequently exists the *peerie** summer. Those who want to see Shetland to advantage ought, therefore, to visit it between the middle of June and the end of November. The principal drawback to Shetland is the climate, after all. Deliciously cool as it is in summer and quite comfortably warm in winter, the spring months, especially February and March, are quite noted for rain and high winds. Like the rest of Britain the traveller may get a drenching in summer, but he will never have to fear thunder and lightning unless he pays a winter visit. A long spell of settled fine weather—except during the *peerie* summer—is less seldom seen in Shetland than further south, but it does often happen. It must not be supposed that more rain falls in Shetland than in England, but the spring months—February, March, and often April—are atrocious in the matter of wind and rain. This, of course, does not affect the tourist who goes at the time we have named. The prevailing quarter for the

wind is south-west. This also assists the Gulf Stream in rendering the climate warmer in winter.

The light nights are a pleasing wonder to the tourist who has never been in these northern latitudes. As we have said, the whole of June is continuously light: the smallest print can be read at one o'clock in the night, or rather morning. The sun disappears for a short time, but the twilight is almost as light as an ordinary day in mid-winter. One of the most pleasing sights in Shetland is the twilight seen about midnight. If the tourist, whilst in Lerwick, will only stroll after supper about half a mile or less along the north road, he will see the red golden sky very often reflected on the water at the north entry of the harbour in a soft, calm sublimity which, after he has once seen, he will never forget. The nights in winter are, of course, long. It gets pretty dark a little before four—often at half-past three; but the mornings are pretty light by half-past seven. The aurora is often intensely brilliant in the winter nights, and prevails some winters more than others. Thunder and lightning occur in the winter slightly, but so slightly that those who are used to seeing the phenomena in the south put it out of count altogether in Shetland. It is still rarer in summer. Frost and snow are rare; whilst ice makes its appearance so seldom that skates are of no use, though both skating and curling have been enjoyed through the past winter, which has even been severe there.

The population of Shetland is about thirty thousand. The natives generally are of slighter build than either the English or the Scotch, and often attain to a very great age. Lately, as our readers are aware, the Rev. Dr. Ingram, of Unst, passed away at the ripe age of 103 years. About two years ago the tourist might have seen an old man often sat on the embankment by the roadside opposite his little cottage about fifty yards down the road from Lerwick, going south-west—old Johnny Goodlad—who would say "Good morning," and take a spare copper from the passer-by. His "lass," as he called his daughter, a sparkling maiden of seventy-five summers, would bring him a mug of tea now and again. The writer passed old John on the road almost every day during the last two years of his life, and on asking him his age he invariably said, "I'm ninety-seven." John had been this age for some few years according to excellent authority. He must have been quite 100, if not more, at his death. The parochial Boards' reports furnish abundant evidence of the extreme longevity often attained by Shetlanders. The causes of this extreme tenacity of life are well seen by any intelligent tourist—pure and abundant air, temperance to frugality in eating and drinking, and the most complete absence of hurry and worry. Indeed, it is largely this quietude and repose, along with the sublime rock scenery, which lends such a charm to the place in the estimation of one from the south.

Speaking broadly, the Shetlanders are a seafaring people. They go to the seal and whale fishing and other long voyages; but when at home their livelihood is still the sea. All through the Islands the tourist has no difficulty in seeing the Shetland home life. On first arriving in Lerwick he finds much the same conditions of life as in the south, namely, houses several stories in height, dress and manners much the same, not a few good modern shops, &c.; but nowhere else hardly in the whole of Shetland will he find houses thus massed together, and of southern construction. The characteristic Shetland home is a low-built cottage, open to the roof, which has a large hole in it for the peat smoke. The floor is very uneven, and quite innocent of any kind of pavement—bare earth only—on which a peat fire burns, the smoke filling the entire dwelling, and making the stranger's eyes smart on first entrance. Around the fire he sees an odd chair or two and a bench, or some sea-chests act as seats. Sometimes a partition, not carried up to the ceiling, makes a second room in which the beds are placed. The beds are peculiar wooden boxes, about five feet or six in height and three or four feet in breadth. Ingress and egress are through wooden sliding doors placed in the side, which are shut when the bed is unoccupied, also in some cases when occupied; when shut the bed is a complete box. Some of them contain two tiers of beds, when sleepers are one above another as on ship-board. In the cottage, sea-chests belonging to the husband and grown-up sons are found when the owners are not at sea. Besides these, fishing utensils abound, oars, and sometimes the peat stack is housed. Not infrequently fowls pick about around the fire, and a pony or a calf is tied in a corner. On the hearth, if everything else be absent there is the everlasting teapot. The Shetlanders are a very temperate people, so far as alcohol is concerned, though a traveller sometimes finds a whisky-bottle flung up from the medley depths of a sea-chest for his benefit. Tea-tipping amounts to a vice throughout Shetland, and induces a peculiar form of indigestion characterised by a broad white steaming tongue and an endless variety of depraved nervous impressions referred to the cardiac region, which they speak of as "heart sickness" and "conflagration at the heart," but which are really due to the long fasting and tea-tipping—the tea and a little piece of oatcake being frequently taken through the day, and wards off the *proper* feeling of hunger, whose place is usurped by the bastard feelings we have spoken of, with or without real palpitation. The only real meal in the day is taken at two o'clock, and consists of sillocks and potatoes, or, as they say, "silleks an' tatties." On rising in a morning a cup of tea is partaken of, and a piece of oatcake, which is baked on the hearth by the peat fire. Now many cottagers fetch a supply of ordinary bread from Lerwick, but oatcake is most consumed. Then, at eleven in the forenoon another cup of tea and bite of oatcake is taken; dinner of sillocks and potatoes at two p.m., and then snacks of cake and tea throughout the remaining portion of the day. The well-to-do take a supper at nine or ten something like their dinner, and when this is so the nervous symptoms are a little less pronounced.

Many southern women are startled at the distances Shetlanders, both male and female walk, and well they may be. Forty, fifty, and sixty miles is quite a commonfeat from early dawn to late evening. A woman is easily found who will take a message or small parcel from Dunrossness parish to Lerwick for half-a-crown, the nearest point of Dunrossness to Lerwick being over twenty-two miles. The women from all parts of the country walk to Lerwick to do their shopping, starting at two, three, or four o'clock in the morning. They may be seen in Lerwick any day shopping about from nine to one o'clock. They usually know some friend whose house they put up at, and who gives them a cup of tea, and then away they trudge home laden with packs of groceries, and arrive at home by eight or nine at night, in some cases completing fully forty miles. One young woman, three years ago, came for the writer to see her sister living at Cunningham's bro', eleven miles from Lerwick, and much to his astonishment she was the first to greet him on his arrival, although he had started not twenty minutes after her on a good pony, and left her, as he thought, to wait and take the medicine home. However, she was anxious to hear what he had to say of her sister's case, and preferred to be on the spot. In returning he passed the woman on her way back to Lerwick, about half a mile away from home, bare foot, carrying her boots and stockings on her back to be put on to enter the capital. Before completing making up the medicine she stood in the surgery and calmly said she was "no" a mile behind him as he came into

* Peerie: Shetland for little.

da toon." By this time this woman had walked three times eleven miles, and then tripped lightly home another eleven. On my speaking about the journey to her a day or two afterwards, she was quite astonished to think I should fancy it worth a remark. The Shetlanders—the men especially—in walking long distances walk very quickly, and seem to trip lightly on the ball of the great toe, the heel never appearing to touch the ground. The weights they carry on their backs are astounding. The women regard it as a mark of affection to carry from the rural parts to the ship in Lerwick harbour, which is to carry their husband or brother to the seal or whale fishing, the long, well-filled, ponderous sea-chest strapped on their shoulder, whilst the able-bodied seafarer trips alongside. The common burden, however, is the basket called the kishie, pronounced kizzie, in which both men and women fetch peats from the hills and peat stacks. This useful receptacle often does good service in the matter of groceries and provisions, but peats are its most common occupants. Females of all ages fetch in the peats. This the tourist will witness as soon as he arrives in the islands, as the Lerwick peat ground is on some hills about a mile and a half out of the north end of the town. He will see women of all degrees, both poor and pretty well to do, with loads of peats on their backs, which he, unless he be powerful, cannot even lift. The writer was once in a cottage in Lerwick seeing a little patient, when the grandmother (little short of seventy-five years) came in peat-laden and put down her kishie, mildly exclaiming, "There! it's warm, doctor." I utterly failed to do more than move it, and was sure it must have contained one hundred pounds of peats. These peats are mostly for their own consumption, but they fetch them at the rate of twopence to fourpence per kishie for their neighbours. The produce of the farm is carried to Lerwick on the back sometimes, when lying in a compact form, such as a calf with its four legs tied together at the feet, and either placed in the kishie or slung around the shoulders like the sportsman's old-fashioned shot-pouch. Whatever a woman carries on her back does not prevent her killing two birds with one stone by knitting either stockings or the far-famed Shetland shawl whilst trudging along. In carrying the peat-laden kishie the weight rests on the haunches, consequently the trunk is very much inclined forwards, the face looking towards the ground, except when the stranger passes and curiosity demands its sly glance.

(To be continued.)

to run it off in the final heat, for which, therefore, S. H. Baker, L.A.C., 11 yards; H. R. Ball, L.A.C., 9 yards; S. J. Stephens, L.A.C., 17 yards; H. H. Sturt, L.A.C., scratch; F. W. Robinson, L.A.C., 10 yards; T. A. Guinness, L.A.C., 10 yards; and N. Turner, L.A.C., 16 yards, come to the post. Baker won a splendid race by a yard; Ball second, a foot in front of Stephens; and Sturt fourth, a foot in the rear of Stephens. The last-named, of course, had no claim for a prize, as he was only running off a dead heat, and was beaten at that, and yet my eyes failed me much if he did not deliberately receive third prize. It may have been a clever piece of business on his part to accept the error of the prize awarders, but I for one, shall anxiously await the opinion of the L.A.C. executive on the matter. H. W. Strachan, L.A.C., won the Pole Jump with a fair essay of 10ft 6in.

Despite the counter attraction of the C.S., the University College sports, held at Stamford Bridge the same afternoon, were a very great success. W. C. Wilkinson won the Hundred; E. Coates, Putting the Shot, at 32ft; J. Culhane, the Pole Jump, at 9ft 3in.; R. W. Watson, the Mile Walk, in 8min 37sec; A. C. Lavers, 7 yards, the 220 Yards Handicap; W. C. Wilkinson, the Quarter, in 58 2-5sec; E. Coates, the High Jump, at 5ft 1in.; H. H. Crawley, 300 yards, the Three Miles Bicycle Handicap; W. H. Griffin, the 120 Yards Hurdles; E. Knight, the Cricket Ball Throwing, at 95yds 1ft; W. C. Wilkinson, the Half Mile Race; W. Sumpter, the Wide Jump, at 17ft 4in.; W. C. Wilkinson, the 600 Yards Handicap from scratch; H. Gravely, the One Mile. H. V. Cleaver, London B.C., 130 yards, won the Open Two Miles Bicycle Handicap; and the Open Half Mile Handicap fell to F. Cancellor, L.A.C., 32 yards, in 2min 3 1-5sec, rather too warm time for C. O'Malley, the scratch man.

Bow Churchyard thirtieth closed sports were held at Alexandra Palace, on Saturday. A. Honour, 16 yards, won the 150 Yards Handicap; J. M. Turner and C. Peake, the Three-Legged Race; J. M. Turner, the Pony Race; and Phillips, 14 yards, the Consolation Handicap.

Football, and in all patience late enough, closed for the season in the Potteries on Saturday, when close upon a thousand spectators witnessed a match between the Manchester Rangers and Cobridge, the latter being beaten on their own ground by two goals to one. The same afternoon Newport beat Shrewsbury Engineers by two goals to one at Newport for the Shropshire Association Cup.

Walton Manor was on Saturday the scene of the return match at lawn tennis between Oxford University and Esher, and the Dark Blues won by six matches to three, their representative pairs being Rev. T. F. Burra and J. Comber, K. T. Coates and W. A. Briscoe, J. G. Burdon and G. S. Puckridge.

Elliott and Hanlon are both busily training for the Championship race on the 16th proximo, and the admirers of the latter continuo to pile on their money as if the affair were all over.

Smith and Pharro were so close together at the finish of their race from Putney Aqueduct to the Ship at Mortlake, last Monday, that the referee, who was also judge, could not separate them from his position on the accompanying steamer. He did the best thing he could, viz., gave it a dead heat; but what a farce for a judge to be so far away from the winning-post. Could not an impromptu Phelps have been stationed at the correct spot?

On Monday evening, A. Hurrell and H. Playford, jun., won the Layton Pairs; and on Tuesday the Trial Eights of the North London and Ilex Rowing Clubs were respectively won by crews stroked by G. D. Mogford and W. W. Whympre.

EXON.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

SALISBURY MEETING.

FRIDAY, MAY 23.

A HUNTERS' SELLING FLAT RACE.—Mr. S. Western's Justin (Mr. Hendrie), 1; Little Mab, 2. 4 ran.
The LONGFORD CASTLE STAKES.—Sir F. Johnstone's Fire Escape (T. Cannon), 1; Miss May, 2. 2 ran.
The SALISBURY CUP.—Major C. B. Cave's The Reeve (C. Wood), 1; Mr. Dodd, 2; Stratheblane, 3. 7 ran.
The WILTON PARK STAKES.—Sir F. Johnstone's Orchestra (T. Cannon), 1; Sabretache, 2; Usk, 3. 4 ran.
The SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY PLATE.—Mr. Pulteney's Heather (C. Wood), 1; Piccilian, 2; Phyllida, 3. 8 ran.
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. T. Cannon's Sideral (Watts), 1; Pedagogue, 2; Nugget, 3. 6 ran.
MATCH.—Mr. Forster's Golden Eye (Owner), 1; Bernari, 2. 2 ran.

HARPENDEN MEETING.

FRIDAY.

The SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. E. Baxter's Primrose (Mr. Tyler), 1; Forecast, 2; Moritibus, 3. 4 ran.
The HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. E. F. Beddington's Lady Blanche (Butler), 1; Fortitude, 2; Zazel, 3. 8 ran.
The MANOR TWO-YR-OLD STAKES.—Mr. J. Lowe's School Girl (Loates), 1; Burnt Cake, 2; Almoner, 3. 7 ran.
The ALLOWANCE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. A. Hunt's Gadfly (Lemaire), 1; Hockenhill, 2; Ballet Dancer, 3. 9 ran.
The HARPENDEN HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Pryor's West Wind (Luke), 1; Calistos, 2; Thunderstone, 3. 7 ran.
The ANGLESEY STAKES.—Lord Anglesey's Preston Pans (Morley), 1; Illuminata, 2; Tuina, 3. 9 ran.
The WHEATHAMSTEAD STAKES.—Mr. Winder's Hockenhill (Loates), 1; Bariloum, 2; Hispian, 3. 10 ran.
The ROTHAMSTEAD TWO-YR-OLD STAKES.—Mr. C. Alexander's Moccolo (Huxtable), 1; Home Rule, 2; Telbo, 3. 3 ran.

DONCASTER MEETING.

FRIDAY.

The SCURRY STAKES.—Mr. Buckle's Lady of Jerveaux colt (Fagan), 1; Cleopatra, 2; Blue Bonnet, 3. 9 ran.
The DONCASTER WELTER HANDICAP STAKES.—Mr. Vyner's Kneller (Mr. G. S. Thompson), 1; White Rose, 2; Fireproof colt, 3. 10 ran.
The CHESTERFIELD HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Trotter's Palmbeamer (W. Platt), 1; Looking Glass, 2; Restore, 3. 7 ran.
The CORPORATION STAKES.—Mr. J. Cookson's Mollusca (Fagan), 1; Will, 2; Saxted, 3. 7 ran.
The FITZWILLIAM STAKES.—Mr. M. Dawson's Nicosia (Morgan), 1; Call Dueilly, 2; Au Revoir, 3. 6 ran.
The YORKSHIRE ST. LEGER PLATE.—Mr. R. Howett's Puck (Mr. R. Shaw), 1; Mourch, 2; Monarch, 3. 4 ran.

EPSOM SUMMER MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The CRAVEN STAKES.—Mr. Beddington's Alchemist (Lemaire), 1; Flavius, 2; Wellington, 3. 6 ran.
A MAIDEN PLATE.—Mr. T. Gee's Spitzberg (F. Archer), 1; Tempe, +; Tulach Ard, r. 9 ran.
The EPSOM SUMMER HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Bradford's Chippendale (Gallon), 1; Ridotto, 2; Rhidoroch, 3. 7 ran.
The WOODCOTE STAKES.—Mr. Beddington's Sabella (H. Jeffery), 1; Prestongraves, 2; The Abbot, 3. 13 ran.
The ASHTONDE STAKES.—Mr. Blanton's Playfellow (Greaves), 1; Linden, 2; Oxonian, 3. 11 ran.
The EGERTON PLATE.—Lord Hastings' Haekthorpe (F. Archer), 1; Merry Heart, 2; Carnethy, 3. 13 ran.
The OXNIUM PLATE.—Colonel Byrne's Financier (Aldridge), 1; Nutboy, 2. 2 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The BENTINCK WELTER HANDICAP.—Captain Machell's Sign Manual, by Blue Mantle—Wax, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (F. Archer), 1; Ironstone, 2; Lionel, 3. 4 ran.
The DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs each, h ft, for three-year-olds; the owner of the second horse to receive 300 sovs, and the third 150 sovs out of the stakes. About a mile and a half, starting at the New High Level Starting Post. Two hundred and eighty sbs.
Mr. Acton's Sir Bevys, by Favonius—Lady Langdon, 8st 10lb ... Fordham 1
Mr. J. Trotter's Palmbeamer, by The Palmer—Schehallion, 8st 10lb ... J. Osborne 2
Lord Rosebery's Visconti, by Parmesan—Lady Audley, 8st 10lb ... Constable 3
Sir G. Chetwynd's Abbot of St. Mary's, by Blinkhoolie—Miss Haworth, 8st 10lb ... H. Jeffery 0

Lord Ellesmere's Alpha, by The Arrow—Rattlecap, 8st 10lb ... Huxtable 0
Captain Machell's Blue Blood, by King Tom—Marigold, 8st 10lb (car 8st 11lb) ... F. Webb 0
Lord Douglas Gordon's Cadogan, by Cremorne—Chance 8st 10lb ... Custance 0
Lord Anglesey's Caxtonian, by Sterling—Countess Agnes, 8st 10lb ... Moibey 0
Lord Falmouth's Charibert, by Thormanby—Gertrude, 8st 10lb ... F. Archer 0
Mr. C. Blanton's Exeter, by Cathedral—Lady Sophie, 8st 10lb ... Rositer 0
Mr. F. Gretton's Falmouth, by Glenyon—Dewdrop, 8st 10lb ... T. Cannon 0
Mr. W. S. Cartwright's George Albert, by Marsyas—Princess of Wales, 8st 10lb ... C. Wood 0
Lord Duppins' Marshall Scott, by Ethus—Baroness, 8st 10lb ... Luke 0
Lord Falmouth's Muley Edris, by Wild Moor—Petty, 8st 10lb ... Morgan 0
Mr. R. Shiels' Nutbush, by Kildare—Nutgirl, 8st 10lb ... W. Platt 0
Count F. de Lagrange's Prologue, by Dollar—Planete, 8st 10lb ... Dodge 0
Lord Bateman's Protectionist, by The Palmer—Delilah, 8st 10lb ...
The Epsom MANOR STAKES.—Mr. T. E. Walker's Antycera (T. Cannon), 1; Anonyma, 2; King's County, 3. 6 ran.
The STANLEY STAKES.—Mr. Beddington's Brother to Ersilia (T. Cannon), 1; Dourance, 2; The Doe Colt, 3. 11 ran.
The HEADLEY STAKES.—Lord Duplin's Royal (T. Osborne), 1; Elsham Lad, 2; Alfred the Good, 3. 4 ran.
The Epsom TOWN PLATE.—Mr. D. Cooper's Tribute (Constable), 1; Athol Brose, 2. 2 ran.

THURSDAY.
The CHETWYND PLATE.—Mr. Beddington's Serpoletto II. (Cannon), 1; Sister to Hesper, 2; Tempte, 3. 3 ran.
The WELTER HANDICAP.—Colonel Forester's Tower and Sword (F. Archer), 1; Dunmow, 2; Lady Alicia, 3. 15 ran.
The TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES.—Count Lagrange's Oceanie (J. Goater), 1; Illuminata, 2; Tadcaster, 3. 6 ran.
The EBBIHAN STAKES.—Mr. R. Wyatt's Anonyma (Greaves), 1; Wellington, 2; Oxonian, 3. 4 ran.
The ROSEBEY STAKES.—Mr. T. Jennings's Paul's Cray (Skerratt), 1; Phenix, 2; Knight of Burghley, 3. 6 ran.
The MICKLEHAM STAKES.—Lord Duplin's Royal Letter (H. Jeffery), 1; Antycera, 2; Wild Hyacinth, 3. 4 ran.
A SELLING HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Wyatt's Templar (C. Wood), 1; Balance, 2; Alfred the Good, 3. 11 ran.
The PADDOCK PLATE.—Mr. Beddington's Alchemist, 1; Faustina, 2. 2 ran.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

CHANTILLY MEETING.

SUNDAY.

PRIX DU JOCKEY CLUB (French Derby) of 40 sovs each, 24 ft, with 200 added; for three-year-olds; colts, 8st 11lb; fillies, 8st 8lb; second received 100 sovs. One mile and a half.
Count F. de Lagrange's Zut, by Flageolet—Regalia, 8st 11lb ... Goater 1
Baron de Rothschild's Commandant, 8st 11lb ... Rolfe 1
Count F. de Lagrange's Flavio II, 8st 11lb ... Dodge 3
Also ran:—Prologue, Fils de l'Air, Salteador, Fido, Basque, Avermes. Won rather easily by a length and a half; a head divided the second and third. Time, 2min. 30sec. Value of stakes, £3443.
PRIX DE DANQU.—Baron de Rothschild's Brie (Rolfe), 1; Clocher, 2; Mourle, 3. 5 ran.
Prix de l'OINE.—M. Hawes's Artiste (Sheppard), 1; Justice, 2; La Buzardiere, 3; Pastour, 4. 9 ran.
Prix de GOUVIETTE.—Viscount de Trédern's Oulgouriska (Rolfe), 1; Satanin, 2; Beauchair, 3. 19 ran.
Prix des ERANOS.—M. Blane's Tourangelle (Covey), 1; Brigitte, 2; Jujube, 3. 10 ran.

VESINET MEETING.

MONDAY.

PRIX DE MONTAIGU.—M. Bland's Fanfare III. (Macksey), 1; Frondeur, 2; Dejazet, 3. 3 ran.
PRIX DE MAL.—Captain Cadillon's Fitz-Marengo (Rowell), 1; Hypothèse, 2; Blaviette, 3. 3 ran.
PRIX DE MONNAY.—M. W. Vallender's Passpoit (Oxford), 1; Lahire, 2; Aubépine, 3. 4 ran.
Prix de BEAUMONT.—M. R. Hennessy's Pomme d'Api (West), 1; Camale, 2; Belle Petite, 3. 4 ran.

NEW LIFEBOATS FOR THE COASTS OF IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.
—The National Lifeboat Institution has just sent three fine new lifeboats to be stationed on the Irish coast at Kingstown, Drogheada, and Tralee, and one to Kirkeudbright, N.B. The Kingstown boat is 37ft long, 8½ft wide, and rows twelve oars double banked; its cost has been defrayed from a legacy to the institution by the late Miss Anderson, of Leamington, supplemented by a gift from her niece, Mrs. Goff; that boat, which is named the Hector, in accordance with the wishes of the benevolent donors, was publicly launched at its station last Saturday, under the superintendence of one of the inspectors of lifeboats to the institution. The other two Irish lifeboats are 34 feet ten-oared boats, and they are to be respectively placed at the north side of the mouth of the river Boyne, and near the coastguard station at Outward Fenit in Tralee Bay. Both these boats are provided with transporting carriages. The Kirkeudbright lifeboat is a 32ft ten-oared boat. All four lifeboats possess the usual characteristics of the boats of the National Institution in regard to self-righting, self-ejecting water, &c., which were fully demonstrated on the occasion of the harbour trials at Limehouse a short time since. The Drogheada boat is named the Old George Irlam of Liverpool, the bequest of the late Miss Irlam of Dibbensdale, Cheshire, for a lifeboat of that name having been appropriated to it. The Tralee Lifeboat Station is an entirely new one, and its cost has been defrayed by Richard George Butcher, Esq., the eminent surgeon at Dublin, in memory of his father, Admiral Samuel Butcher, and of his brother, Samuel Butcher, S.T.B., sometime Regius Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Dublin, and Lord Bishop of Meath. That lifeboat establishment is to be publicly inaugurated on some day in the second week in June. The expense of the Kirkeudbright lifeboat has been defrayed from a legacy to the Institution by the late Dr. Mackie, of Greenock, for a lifeboat for that part of the Scotch coast, and the boat is named the Mackie. The Lifeboat Institution now has 268 boats under its management, thirty-three of which are stationed on the Irish coast, and thirty-seven on the coast of Scotland.

HORSES: THE "SLIGHT COLD AND COUGH."—Attack these in the bud, ere they lead to ill-condition, lung affection, and chronic disease. DAY, SON, & HEWITT'S "Red Paste Balls," or the "Red Condition Powders," will lubricate the throat and strengthen the stomach, cool the bowels without purging, and may be given morning, noon, or night. They are matchless in starting coat, swollen legs, loss of appetite, and sluggishness. It is with the horse, as with man, the stomach is mostly the seat of mischief. Badly digested food, fermenting from time to time, makes impure blood, and then follow colic and all the other maladies the horse is heir to. The Red Balls and Red Powders are all the medicines the huntsman, groom, and horsekeeper need in their stables if promptly used. 22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[Anvt.]

YACHTING.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The entries for the cutter races of this club, to be sailed on this day, Saturday, for prizes amounting to £260, are as follow:—First Class: Neva, 63 tons, Mr. F. Cox. Second Class: Britannia, 40 tons, Mr. W. C. Quilter; Coryphe, 40 tons, Mr. R. Y. Richardson; Bloodhound, 40 tons, The Marquis of Ailsa. Third Class: Lily, 10 tons, Mr. E. F. Quilter; Vanessa, 20 tons, Mr. H. Bowwick; Sagonara, 20 tons, Mr. G. W. Richardson. It is contemplated that as there can be no first-class race the Neva will be allowed to go with the "forties," an extra prize being added, and the Royal Thames Yacht Club time allowance considered. The course in the first and second classes will be from Gravesend round the Mouse and return, and in the third round the Hove. The club steamer, the Eagle, leaves London Bridge at 8.45, and the "special" to Gravesend leaves Charing-cross at 9.50.

NEW THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The New Thames Yacht Club opened the season on Saturday under very favourable auspices. After a cruise with a fine light air from the southward, the members returned to the club-house at Gravesend. The commodore, Mr. A. O. Wilkinson, hoisted his flag on board the Cutty Sark, and there were at and about the station Mr. W. N. Rudge's (vice-commodore) Nina, Mr. Weeding's (rear-commodore) Cygnet, the new Fiona, Miranda, Brunette, Fawn, Sally, Game Cock, Elsie, Surf, Banshee, and others, of which several had accompanied the commodore.

Upwards of seventy members sat down to a capital dinner, provided by Mr. Bedford, the proprietor of the club-house, and presided over by the commodore, faced by the other flag officers.

CRICKET SKETCHES.

A TREMENDOUS BLOW.

It was fearfully exciting. Hogsthorpe and Broxton were old antagonists in the cricket field, and this was the second of the home and home matches, played each season between the rivals. We, that is Broxton, had won the first, and in doing so had brought the number of our successes up to that of Hogsthorpe; we had won seven a piece since the annual contests had been instituted, and this one would be the odd event. Hogsthorpe had won the toss and taken the innings, scoring 79. We had followed with 98. Hogsthorpe's second essay resulted in 107, leaving us 89 to get to win. Of these we had got 70 when our ninth wicket fell to the insidious lob of Simms, the Hogsthorpe curate. Only one more wicket to fall and 19 to get, could it be done? Fletton, who was in, was morally certain to carry his bat out; he always did, no matter whether he went in first or ninth, but he was also morally certain not to make 10. It was his boast that he had never hit a *three* in his life. His average if calculated on his runs, was minute, if on the time he was at the wickets, immense. Groves was our last man, he was the very opposite of Fletton. It was a case of do or die with him, if he once got "his eye in," he was a dangerous customer. As he now walked to the wicket there was a look on

his face that seemed to mean business, and the Hogsthorpe captain noticed it, for he immediately set his field much deeper. The first ball Groves received, for a wonder, he played steadily, at the next he he played between "cover-point" and "mid-off" for two. It was now over, and Fletton received the next five balls with his usual stolid imperturbability, scoring nothing. Groves opened his shoulders the following over, and two fours were the result. Only nine more! The excitement was getting intense, and all the more so, when in the next over but one, Groves got one right round to leg for six, whence the man had just been taken. It was a grand hit. Three more to win. We must do it now. Fletton even seemed to think so, for he made a gigantic effort and "snicked" a single through the slips. One to tie and two to win! Every one was standing up breathless and eager. Groves had now the bowling. We knew the next hit would do it. Again he played a ball carefully. There was only one more in the over, and the bowler evidently felt the importance attached to it, as he rubbed his hand on the grass before taking the ball. Whether it was that rub or nervousness will never be known, but a lovely "half volley" was the result. Now or never! Groves took one step out and let fly. How his bat seemed to drive! Back flew the ball about four feet from the ground, just out of reach of the bowler and mid-on, as if it were going for four. "Hoo—" commenced the Broxtonians. That shout of triumph was never finished, for the ball flew straight at Fletton, who was starting to run; he had only just time to turn his back on it, when it hit him a tremendous crack on the shoulder, glanced up in the air, and fell an easy catch in the hands of the bowler. Was there ever luck like that?

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

MAPLE & CO.

FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE.

MANUFACTURERS OF ARTISTIC FURNITURE.

MANUFACTURERS OF SUPERIOR FURNITURE.

MANUFACTURERS OF BED-ROOM SUITES.

MANUFACTURERS OF BEDDING.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

TERRITIONAL CARPETS IN EUROPE.

RUSSIAN-TURKISH WAR.

PERSIAN AND TURKISH CAR-

PETS.

OVER 2,000 DAGHESTAN AND

SOWRNACK CARPETS, RECEIVED FROM CON-

STANTINOPLE. THESE GOODS HAVE BEEN BOUGHT BY

AGENTS, ESPECIALLY DESPATCHED BY MESSRS. MAPLE AND

CO. FOR CASH, ARE OF GREAT RARITY, SOME BEING VERY HAND-

SOME OLD PRAYER RUGS, WHICH HAVE BEEN MADE OVER 100

YEARS. THE PRICES ARE WONDERFULLY LOW—in fact ONE-

THIRD OF THAT USUALLY ASKED FOR THESE CURIOSITIES.—145,

146, 147, TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, LONDON.

RECEIVED.

LARGE CONSIGNMENTS.

CONSISTING OF 500 TURKEY CARPETS OF AN EXTRA QUALITY, PER SHIPS *Tasso*, *Perin*, AND *Macedonia*, FROM SMYRNA.

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EVERY INFORMATION OF THE MANAGER, ILFRACOMBE, NORTH DEVON.

Tourists' Tickets to Ilfracombe for Two Months are issued at all principal Railway Stations in England.

A BERDEEN GRANITE MONUMENTS, FROM 25. CARRIAGE FREE. INSCRIPTIONS ACCURATE AND BEAUTIFUL. IRON RAILINGS AND TOMB FURNISHINGS FITTED COMPLETE. PLANS AND PRICES FROM JOHN W. LEGGE, SCULPTOR, ABERDEEN.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED), 7, BANK-BUILDINGS, LOFTSBURY, GENERAL ACCIDENTS, PERSONAL INJURIES, RAILWAY ACCIDENTS, DEATH BY ACCIDENTS, C. HARDING, MANAGER.

ACCIDENTS OCCUR DAILY!! ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS PROVIDED AGAINST BY A POLICY OF THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, THE OLDEST AND LARGEST ACCIDENTAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The Right Hon. LORD KINNAIRD, Chairman. SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL £1,000,000. ANNUAL INCOME £224,000.

A fixed sum in case of death by accident, and a weekly allowance in the event of injury, may be secured at moderate premiums.

Bonus allowed to insurers of five years' standing.

£1,350,000 have been paid as compensation.

Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or

64, CORNHILL, LONDON.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 48, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.; AND 122, CANNON STREET, E.C.

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CALLEY'S TORBAY PAINT.

SEVERAL PRIZE MEDALS.
ESTABLISHED UPWARDS OF TWENTY YEARS.

FOR USE ON IRON BUILDINGS, TANKS, GAS WORKS,

AND ALL OTHER IRONWORK FOR YACHTS, CONSERVATORIES, OUTSIDE WOODWORK, DAMP WALLS, AND OTHER OUTDOOR PURPOSES.

This paint is made from the celebrated Torbay oxide, obtained from our freehold at Brixham. It has considerably more covering power than any other paint.

Protecting iron from rust, it is of the greatest value, having a decided affinity for iron; entering readily into its minute pores, and arresting it from corrosion and decay.

In any climate it will withstand the action of heat and cold, fresh and salt water, retaining its property, colour, and consistency for years. It does not blister, crack, or flake off, or soften by immersion—resists sulphurated hydrogen and gaseous and atmospheric influences.

Used in H.M. Dockyards, Woolwich Arsenal, standing camps, and other large Government works at home and abroad, and by the principal railway companies, waggon and ship owners, and a large number of nobility and country gentlemen. It is sent out ready mixed for use, and does not require the addition of any mixings; dries quickly, and can be put on by unskilled labour.

ONE CWT. CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY RAILWAY STATION.

Please state for what purpose required, and write to the London address.

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SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

SUNBURY-ON-THAMES.—A desirable FREEHOLD PROPERTY, known as Riverdale, pleasantly situate near the river, about half-a-mile from Kempston-park, and within an easy drive of Epsom, Ascot, and Sandown-park. It comprises a detached residence, with greenhouse and lawn, flower and kitchen garden of about an acre, with some ornamental trees. Also a Cottage, and a large building now used as a coach-house and stabling for three horses. With possession.

MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, and Co., are instructed by the Trustees of the will of the late Mr. George Brown to offer for SALE, at the Mart, London, on FRIDAY, June 6th, at Two o'clock precisely, in two lots, the above exceedingly desirable FREEHOLD PROPERTY, suitable in every way for a gentleman fond of sporting.—Particulars obtained of Messrs. Lempriere, Peck, and Browne, Solicitors, 56, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and (with orders to view) of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, Royal Exchange.

EWELL, Surrey.—Park Farm.—A Freehold Property, tithe free and land-tax redeemed, situate commanding a view of Epsom Downs. It consists of a comfortable house, with stabling, coach-house, barns, and buildings, several cottages, large garden, orchard, and arable and meadow land, possessing an important frontage of 1,500 ft. available for building. The property comprises 40 acres, principally meadow, and suitable for a breeding establishment of racehorses. Also seven cottages producing £57 per annum.

MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, and Co., are instructed to offer the above for SALE, at the Mart, London, on FRIDAY, July 11, at TWO o'clock precisely, in Two Lots (unless previously disposed of by private contract).—Particulars of Messrs. Fairfoot and Webb, solicitors, Clement's-inn, Strand; and of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

SUSSEX, on the borders of Hants.—The Dangstein Estate, an attractive Freehold Manorial, Residential, and Sporting Domain, extending over upwards of 2,116 acres, affording excellent shooting. It is in a good sporting neighbourhood, within easy reach of several packs of hounds, and is bounded for a considerable distance by the river Rother, in which there is excellent fishing.

MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, and Co., are instructed to offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, on FRIDAY, June 20th, at Two o'clock precisely, in lots, the above very attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY. May be viewed by orders only.—Particulars, with plan, obtained of Messrs. Talbot and Tasker, Solicitors, 47, Bedford-row, W.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, London.

NORFOLK, 6 miles from Norwich.—The Brooke Estate a fine Manorial Residential and Sporting Property of about 3,000 acres including the well-known Seething Wood (a noted game preserve), commanding a rental of about £5,000 per annum, exclusive of the Mansion and Sporting, which latter is unusually good, and there is an abundant stock of both winged and ground game, which has been strictly preserved. Also a Farm of about 300 acres adjoining the above.

MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, and Co. will offer by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, in June next, in one or more lots, the above important ESTATE. Brooke-house Mansion is now in hand, and the purchaser can have immediate possession, as well as the advantage of acquiring the furniture and effects by valuation, and the sporting for the ensuing season. When the survey is completed, particulars, with plan and views, may be obtained of Messrs. Blake, Keith, and Blake, Solicitors, the Chantry, Norwich; of Messrs. Blake and Heseltine, Solicitors, 4, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London; and of Messrs. Norton, Trist, Watney, and Co., 62, Old Broad-street, London.

In the very heart of the most favourite residential part of Surrey, between Guildford and Godalming.—The Birtley Estate, in the parishes of Bramley, Dunsfold, and Wonersh, four miles only from Guildford, the same from Godalming, and one mile from Bramley Station. It consists of a moderate-sized Mansion, standing in a park adorned by large, well-grown, and very ornamental timber, and surrounded by lands of agricultural quality, containing in all nearly 630 acres, with a superior farm house, homesteads, and several good cottages. The land has a pleasantly undulating surface, is studded with numerous woods and plantations, containing water and forming fine game cover. No estate of the same dimensions can possibly afford greater attractions to a sportsman, the shooting being universally acknowledged to be extremely good. The estate is intersected by the river Wey, as also by the Wey and Arun Junction Canal (now disused and repurchased by the vendor). It is in the centre of three packs of foxhounds, and within easy reach of several favourite meets of the staghounds. The estate possesses the advantage of a remarkably dry and healthy subsoil, an abundance of fine water, and the whole of the county is celebrated for the purity of its atmosphere, and being almost entirely possessed by residential owners, it affords the best choice of society. The mansion, with adjacent lands, the woods, and some of the cottages are in hand, and the rest of the estate is let to a first-class tenant at about £1,000 a year. There is a railway siding upon the farm, which affords great facilities for the transit of agricultural produce, &c.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER are favoured with instructions to sell, at the Mart, in July next, in two lots, the above-named particularly choice FREEHOLD ESTATE, offering to noblemen and gentlemen of fortune a rare opportunity for the acquisition of one of the most enjoyable properties in this favourite part of the county of Surrey, and within easy reach of London.

Lot 1 will comprise the Mansion and the principal part of the Estate, about 577 acres.

Lot 2.—A detached Portion at Plonk's-hill, near Shamley-green Church, containing about 53 acres. A lovely site for the erection of a gentleman's residence.

Particulars are now in course of preparation, and may be had, when ready, of Hugh F. Dwy, Esq., Solicitor, Godalming; and of Messrs. Debenham, Tewson, and Farmer, Auctioneers and Land Agents, 80, Cheapside.

KINTBURY, Berks.—A desirable Sporting and Manorial Estate, and sound Landed Investment, with possession at Michaelmas.

MESSRS. BEAL & SON are favoured with instructions to offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on WEDNESDAY, the 25th JUNE, 1879, at One for Two o'clock precisely, in one lot (unless previously sold by private contact), a compact SPORTING and MANORIAL FREEHOLD PROPERTY, known as the Titcombe Manor Estate, pleasantly situate in the parish of Kintbury and county of Berks, within one mile and a half of the Kintbury Station. It includes the farm of Titcombe, of about 220 acres of arable and pasture land, with well-placed farm-house and buildings, and seven cottages. Detached are some hunting stables, which can be restored at a small expense. The shooting-box known as Sherborne Lodge, pleasantly seated in attractive pleasure grounds, with some fine old forest trees, and about 110 acres of valuable woodlands and plantations, judiciously interspersed with shooting paths, affording great facilities for rearing game. The estate is celebrated as offering for its size the finest shooting in the neighbourhood (it adjoins the property and preserves of Lord Craven and Mrs. Dunn); good society, and first-rate hunting and fishing close at hand. In all it consists of 330 acres, almost in a ring fence, producing about £370 per annum.—Particulars may be had of Messrs. Shaen, Roscoe, Massey, and Shaen, 8, Bedford-row, W.C.; of T. Owen, Esq., Clapton, Ilvermorny; at the Bear, Hungerford; the Jack, Newbury; Dundas Arms, Kintbury; at the Mart; and cards to view of the Auctioneers, 20, Regent-street, S.W.

HANTS, in the New Forest.—Bartley-lodge, in the parish of Eling, a Freehold Residential Property, comprising a commodious and substantially-built residence, fitted and arranged with every regard to comfort and convenience, occupying an elevated position in this charming and attractive part of the county, distant $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Lyndhurst-road and four from Totton, both stations on the London and South-Western Railway; eight miles from Southampton and 12 from Lymington. The residence is approached by carriage drives through two prettily designed lodges from the Lyndhurst-road and Bartley-green, and stands in the centre of a small and nicely timbered park, surrounded by well-disposed pleasure grounds studded with choice shrubs and conifers. It contains the following accommodation:—Entrance-hall, dining and drawing rooms, the latter opening into conservatory, morning room, boudoir, library, billiard-room, and lavatory; ten principal bed and dressing rooms, night and day nurseries, two water-closets, eight secondary bedrooms, ample and well-arranged domestic offices and excellent dry cellarage in basement. At a suitable distance and screened from view of the house are capital stabling for nine horses, harness room, double coachhouse, and two servants' rooms and hay lofts over; also a small farmery, including stable, cart shed, cowhouse, engine-room fitted with stationary engine, force pump, and other machinery, carpenter's shop, forge, &c. The walled-in kitchen garden is productive and well stocked with the choicest wall and other fruit trees; there is also a double viney, stove-house, brick pit, &c. The property is exceedingly compact, comprises in a ring fence a total area of 59 acres, and enjoys extensive forest rights. The district is proverbial for the salubrity of the air and for the beauty of its forest scenery. There is an abundant supply of spring and soft water laid on throughout.

MESSRS. BEADEL and CO. are instructed by the Proprietor, to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, on THURSDAY, the 19th day of June, 1879, at one o'clock precisely. Particulars, with plan and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Coxwell, Bassett, and Stanton, Solicitors, Southampton, at the Mart, and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., No. 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

NORFOLK.—A Domain of 6,556 acres.—The Wrenham-hall Estate, one of the finest and most compact sporting properties in the United Kingdom, comprising the entire parishes of East and West Wrenham, situated about four miles from the town and station of Thetford on the Norwich Section of the Great Eastern Railway, six miles from Watton, 18 from Bury St. Edmund's, only three hours' journey by rail from London, within easy reach of the principal watering places on the East Coast, and surrounded by the important estates of the Right Honourable Lord Walsingham, Sir Robert Buxton, Bart., Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., Captain Bennett, and Henry Partridge, Esq. The mansion, which is substantially brick built and slated, and in excellent repair, stands in the centre of the park, is surrounded by tastefully laid-out grounds; contains on the ground floor, lobby, noble saloon entrance and inner halls, suite of reception rooms, including drawing-room, dining room, library, billiard room, study, and water-closet; first floor, nine principal bed rooms, two dressing rooms, boudoir, and two water-closets; second floor, four bedrooms, three store rooms, and water-closet; in west wing, first floor, school room, governess' bedroom, day and night nurseries, five bedrooms, and water-closet; second floor, five women and three men's attic bedrooms, ample and suitably arranged domestic offices, and capital dry wine and beer cellars. The stabling include six loose boxes, four stalls, three coach-houses, harness, saddle, and two corn rooms, fire-engine house, four grooms' bed rooms, dog kennels, &c. In rear are dairy, game, larder, and gun room. The house and stables are well supplied with good spring water, and gas laid on. The kitchen gardens are walled in and well-stocked with fruit and other trees in good bearing; they include ranges of viney, two peach houses, plant and stove houses, melon and cucumber pits, mushroom house, fruit, seed, and store rooms, potting shed, &c. Leading from the residence to the ruins of West Wrenham church is the church walk through tastefully laid-out flower garden, bordered by choice evergreen and flowering shrubs of luxuriant growth. The two principal approaches to the mansion are by broad carriage-drives through ornamental plantations and parklike land, with lodges at entrance from the public roads. The property includes the home farm, the village of East Wrenham, several farms, with good residences and commodious homesteads, several small occupations, numerous cottages, and large enclosures of arable, pasture, and woodland, the whole embracing an area of 6,556 acres absolutely, in a ring fence. The mansion, park, and some of the farms are in hand, the remainder are let to responsible tenants. The property is well stocked with game, and from its compactness and the large extent of cover, nearly 800 acres, most unusual opportunities for the preservation of a large head of game are offered; a total of 21,000, including rabbits, was killed in the season 1878-1879. There is a Postal Telegraph-office on the estate, and a railway station within a mile and a half of the mansion. The adjoining estates are all strictly preserved. The several large meres on the estate afford excellent fishing and wild fowl shooting, and upon one there is a decoy in which quantities of wild duck are annually taken. The Advowson, or perpetual right of presentation to the Rectory of East and West Wrenham, the gross income from which is about £600 per annum, will be offered at the auction to the purchaser of the estate. Should he not elect to purchase, it will then be sold separately.

MESSRS. BEADEL and CO. are instructed to offer the above valuable ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, E.C., on THURSDAY, the 19th June, 1879, at one o'clock precisely, in one lot. Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Birch, Ingrams, and Harrison, Solicitors, 68, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C.; at the Mart; and with orders to view, of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

ESSEX, near Colchester.—A Freehold Residential Property, known as Whitehall, situate about a mile from the Hythe and St. Botolph stations on the Wivenhoe Branch of the Great Eastern Railway, and only $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the main-line station, from which there is an excellent service of express and ordinary trains to London. An exceedingly compact and enjoyable property, with immediate possession. It comprises a substantially-built and well-arranged residence, of pleasing elevation, occupying a high and delightful position overlooking the town, standing in the centre of a prettily-timbered, small park, with enclosures of productive arable and pasture land surrounding; the whole containing 58a. 1r. 4p. The residence, surrounded by pleasure grounds and shrubberies, intersected by shaded walks, is placed at a suitable distance from the high road leading from Colchester to Donyland, and to which it has a considerable frontage, is approached by a carriage drive with neat lodge entrance, and contains three reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, with ample domestic offices and dry cellarage in basement. Near are capital stabling, coach-houses, walled-in kitchen garden, with viney, &c., orchard, gardener's cottage, small farmery, and dwelling-house. The premises are abundantly supplied with excellent water. The residence, park, and gardens are in hand. The farm premises and 34 acres of land are at present held by Mr. R. J. Sage, whose tenancy terminates at Michaelmas next.

MESSRS. BEADEL and CO. are instructed to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, on THURSDAY the 10th day of June, 1879, at ONE o'clock precisely, in Two Lots. Particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, may be obtained of Messrs. Janson, Cobb, and Pearson, Solicitors, 41,

Finsbury-circus, E.C.; Messrs. Turner, Dean, Elwes, and Turner, Solicitors, Colchester, Essex; at the Mart, and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

DEVONSHIRE.—Preliminary Announcement.—The Wiscombe-park Estate, an exceedingly valuable residential and sporting property, situate in a most attractive part of the county, in the parishes of Southleigh and Colyton, about six miles distant, and midway between the town of Honiton and the favourite watering-places Sidmouth and Seaton. The estate, which is very compact, and of an undulating character, comprises a commodious family mansion, several farms, cottages, productive grass and arable land, a large extent of woodland, affording excellent cover for the preservation of game, and embraces a total area of 1,895a. 3r. 14p., including also the manor, or reputed manor, of Southleigh and the Advowson of the Rectory.

MESSRS. BEADEL and CO. are instructed by the Trustees under the will of the late Charles Gordon, Esq., to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, during the summer.—Further particulars will appear in future advertisements, and, in the meantime, may be obtained of Thos. Edward Drake, Esq., Solicitor, Exeter; Messrs. Stamp and Son, Solicitors, Honiton; and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

SUNNINGHILL, Berks.—Tetworth-house, a charming Freehold Residential Estate, occupying one of the choicest spots in this delightful neighbourhood, about one mile from Windsor Forest, a mile and a half from Ascot Station on the London and South-Western Railway, two miles from Virginia Water, about 10 minutes' walk from the parish church, and one hour's ride by rail from London. The residence stands on an elevated position, placed at a suitable distance from the road leading from Ascot to Windsor, nearly opposite the lodge-entrance to the New Mile Course; it is surrounded by well-disposed lawns and pleasure grounds, interspersed by terrace and gravel walks, screened and studded with a variety of well-grown forest trees and conifers. It contains the following accommodation:—Entrance-hall, dining and drawing rooms, the latter opening to conservatory, library, lavatory, store room, butler's pantry, and water-closet, five principal bed and two dressing rooms, water-closet, day and night nurseries, and four secondary bedrooms; the domestic offices are ample and conveniently arranged; there is capital dry wine and ale cellarage, as also a cottage, containing two rooms, for servants. The gardens are walled in, very productive, and well stocked; there are also viney, stove, greenhouse, forcing pits, &c. The stabling is well placed, and includes three stalls, three boxes, and harness room, with hay loft and groom's room over double coach-house, and at the northern extremity of the property is a small farmery with gardener's cottage. The residence is surrounded by park-like pasture land, the whole containing 24a. 1r. 5p.

MESSRS. BEADEL and CO. have received instructions to offer the above ESTATE for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, early in July next. Particulars are being prepared, and, when ready, may be obtained of Messrs. Longueville, Jones, and Williams, Solicitors, Oswestry; and of Messrs. Beadel and Co., 97, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

SURREY.—Ashstead-park Estate.—A princely Freehold Residential Property, comprising a magnificently-timbered deer park of nearly 200 acres, enclosed by a massive brick wall. It is situated about midway between Epsom and Leatherhead, in this lovely and delightful residential home county, 17 miles from London, a short distance from Ashstead Station, on the London and South-Western and London and Brighton Railways, being within half an hour's journey of Waterloo, Victoria, and Londonbridge Terminus. The mansion is a very substantial and uniform structure of white brick, with stone dressings, and is approached from the Dorking high road by two lodges. It occupies a moderate elevation, and commands extensive views of the rich home scenery of the park and the finely-wooded and picturesque country around, and contains a noble suite of reception rooms, comprising entrance and inner halls, dining room, drawing room, library, smoking room, &c., with numerous principal and secondary bed rooms, massive lofty groined arches, forming the basement, in which are servants' apartments and offices of every description. The stabling, which is unusually good, affords accommodation for a very large stud of horses, with numerous coach-houses and commodious coachmen's and grooms' quarters. There is an Italian garden, extensive shaded walks, walled-in kitchen gardens, ranges of viney, orchard house, plant and stove houses, piney, melon and cucumber pits; also head gardener's house and bailiff's lodge. The venerable parish church of Ashstead stands within the park, being an interesting feature among the many varied aspects the estate possesses. The lands comprising the home farm almost encircle the park, forming an excellent outer boundary to the estate, which embraces a total area of 68a. 2r. 31p., chiefly pasture and arable of excellent quality and highly productive, with a superior farm-house and extensive farm-buildings adjoining.

CHINNOCK, GALSWORTHY and CHINNOCK are instructed (by order of the Trustees of the late General Bagot) to SELL by AUCTION, at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on MONDAY, June 23, at TWO o'clock precisely, the above-named highly valuable and truly important FREEHOLD ESTATE, in One Lot.

SURREY.—Ashstead Estates, outlying portions, comprising about 3,500 acres, all freehold, situated in the parishes of Ashstead, Leatherhead, Epsom, Headley, and Walton-on-the-Hill, 17 miles from London: consisting of several farms, with good homesteads, building and accommodation lands, villa residences, numerous cottages and gardens, orchards, shops, allotments, the Leg of Mutton Inn, &c., embracing nearly the whole of the village of Ashstead; the valuable Manors of Ashstead and Headley, the Advowson and Perpetual Right of Presentation to the Rectories of Ashstead and Headley, sporting rights, &c.

CHINNOCK, GALSWORTHY and CHINNOCK are instructed (by order of the Trustees under the will of the late General Bagot) to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on MONDAY, June 23, at TWO o'clock precisely, the above truly valuable FREEHOLD ESTATES, in 55 lots, as under:

Lot 2. The Advowson and Perpetual Right of Presentation to the Rectory of Ashstead, with residence and glebe land, value £680 per annum.

Lot 3. A delightful Residential Estate, known as Street Carr, situate close to and overlooking the park, with extensive frontages to the main Dorking road, embracing an area of about 103 acres of excellent land, all old pasture, beautifully timbered, with good house, buildings, and six cottages. This lot, from its picturesque appearance, presents an unusually good opportunity for the acquirement of a charming site for the erection of a first-class residence, or is well adapted for subdivision into plots for villa residences.

Lot 4. A compact Villa Residence, known as Forest Lodge, containing good family accommodation, with convenient outbuildings, gardens, and paddocks, in all about 15 acres. Let on lease, expiring 1881; estimated rental value £120 per annum.

Lot 5. Woodfield Farm, containing about 157 acres of rich arable and pasture land, with farm-house, buildings, and two cottages. Let on lease, expiring 1893, producing £183 per annum.

Lot 6. New Purchase and Caen Farms, containing about 203 acres of arable and pasture land, with farm-house, buildings, and five cottage tenements. Let on lease, expiring Michaelmas. Estimated rental £371 10s. per annum.

Lot 7. West Farm, containing about 88 acres of arable and pasture land, with farm-house, buildings, and four cottages; let on lease, expiring 1893, producing £137 per annum.

Lot 8. Baker's Meadow, adjoining lot 7, about 2½ acres, suitable for the erection of cottages; let on yearly tenancy, producing £4 15s. per annum.

Lot 9. Three Enclosures of Building Land, containing about 10½ acres, situate fronting Otway's-lane and facing the grounds of Frederick Peake, Esq., together with a pair of Cottages fronting Skinner's-lane; let for various terms, and producing together £4 15s. 6d. per annum.

Lot 10. A convenient Cottage, Garden, and Orchard, fronting Skinner's-lane; let to James Johnson at £10 10s. per annum.

Lot 11. The Leg of Mutton and Cauliflower Inn, situate in the village, with extensive stabling, farm buildings, and several enclosures of arable, pasture, and orchard land, a large portion well adapted for building purposes, in all about 74 acres; let on lease expiring 1893, at £170 per annum.

Lots 12 to 16. An Enclosure of Accommodation Land, fronting School-lane, containing about 7½ acres; Baker's Shop, Premises, and Land, in all about three acres; a Pair of Cottages, fronting Crampshaw-lane, and Two Enclosures of Pasture Land, containing about three acres; in the occupation of Rev. W. Adamson, Mrs. Harman, Mr. J. Marsh, W. Sevier, &c., as yearly tenants, producing together about £68 per annum.

Lots 17 to 20. Three plots of Land, close to Ashstead-lodge, including part of lawn of same, containing about 1½ acre; Gravelpiece Field, situate adjoining the property of Fred. Peake, Esq., about 17½ acres; and Two Enclosures of Accommodation Land, known as Timber-hill and Little North Field, containing together about 4½ acres; let to E. Adams, Esq., and others, at various rents.

Lot 21. The Blacksmith's Shop, with garden and orchard, containing about 1½ acre, let to Mr. Wyatt, at £30 per annum.

Lots 22 to 26. Three Cottages and Gardens let to Grosser and others, at £13 per annum; Piece of Orchard Ground, 1r. 11p., let to G. Sayers, at £1 12s.; a Cottage and Orchard, containing 3r. 23p., let to J. Read, at £10; Two semi-detached Cottages, let to Anscombe and Webb, producing together £13 15s.; and Two semi-detached Cottages, with Builder's Yard and Premises, in the occupation of Messrs. Mason and Richardson, producing together £34 per annum.

Lots 27 to 30. A Plot of Building Land, being part of school meadow, containing 0a. 1r. 19p., in hand. Lots 28, 2

CONTINUATION OF AUCTIONS, &c.

STETCHWORTH-PARK ESTATE, between Cambridge and Newmarket.—An important and exceedingly valuable Freehold Residential and Sporting Domain, containing about 3,175 acres, together with the Advowson and Manor of Stetchworth, desirably situate in the parishes of Stetchworth, Dullingham, and Wood Ditton, in the best part of Cambridgeshire, on the London road, three miles from Newmarket, two from Dullingham Station, and 13 from Cambridge. It adjoins the Newmarket July and Round Courses, the Devil's Ditch, and the estates of the Duke of Rutland, the Hon. W. H. J. North, C. W. Robinson, Esq., and the Jockey Club. Stetchworth-house is a very comfortable and enjoyable residence, substantially-built and in excellent order and repair. It is in the centre of the estate, in a small but well-timbered park, with capital coach-house and stabling premises and offices, spacious walled kitchen gardens, well-dressed pleasure grounds, with ornamental water, with entrance-lodge and carriage-drive through the park and pleasure grounds. The property is divided into 10 farms, besides small holdings, with all necessary farmhouses, homesteads, and buildings, all in good order and repair. The church (the western gallery of which, with the private way thereto, is appropriated to the estate) is within the grounds. The woods and plantations comprise about 650 acres, are well dispersed, and intersected with drives, rides, and shooting paths. There is a large stock of game on the estate, which is well-known as affording about the best shooting in the country, is specially adapted for partridge driving. Foxhounds and harriers meet in the locality, and many of the woods are well known fox covers. Stetchworth is a favourite meet. The mansion and grounds are in hand, and thus early possession thereof may be had. The house is well furnished and, if desired, a purchaser can take the furniture, with some exceptions, at a valuation. The rental of the entire estate, including the estimated value of the mansion, woods, plantations in hand, and the shooting is nearly £5,000 a year.

MESSRS. DRIVER and Co. have been instructed to offer to AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury, London, on Tuesday, July 8th, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously sold by private contract), the above exceedingly desirable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING DOMAIN. To be viewed by cards only. Particulars are preparing, and, when ready, may be had of Messrs. Newman, Stretton, and Hilliard, Solicitors, 75, Cornhill; Mr. J. Carter Jonas, Land Agent, Cambridge, &c.; and of Messrs. Driver and Co., Surveyors, Land Agents, and Auctioneers, 4, Whitehall, London.

MARKET HARBOROUGH, Leicestershire.—The Cottage Estate, Lubenham, comprising two of the choicest hunting boxes in England, i.e., The Cottage, a picturesque residence of a most comfortable and enjoyable character, rebuilt by the late B. J. Angel, Esq., which, together with the model stabling, including 12 boxes for hunters and eight stalls, the grass paddocks surrounding the outbuildings, and cartlages form an establishment singularly well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. The Cottage contains 11 principal and six secondary bed rooms, bath room, four reception rooms, and a billiard room, plentiful domestic and other offices. Gore-lodge was built by the late J. B. Gore, Esq., a few years ago, and is an extremely pretty Gothic residence, of seven bed and dressing rooms, bath rooms, and three reception rooms, offices, &c. Model stabling, including 12 boxes for hunters. This is a hunting-box of a similar character to the Cottage, but on a smaller scale. Included in the property are some of the richest old pasture inclosures in the county, about 200 acres in extent, which have been pipe-drained recently, and stock-fed for the last seven years, they may be considered among the best feeding lands in this county of rich pastures. There are some houses and cottages in the village, the Coach and Horses Inn, and some very valuable meadows between the railway station and the village.

MESSRS. E. and H. LUMLEY are honoured with instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on TUESDAY, July 1st, at TWO o'clock precisely, in lots (unless previously sold in its entirety by private contract), the valuable and important FREEHOLD PROPERTY, the Cottage Estate at Lubenham, in the county of Leicester, within a few hundred yards of the station of that name on the London and North-Western Railway (Rugby and Stamford), about 2½ miles from the market town of Hailsham; also 23 ACRES of FREEHOLD MARSH LAND, situate about one mile from the town of Hailsham, in the County of SUSSEX.

SOUTHERDEN, MORRIS, and

BURTONSHAW have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, in Two Lots, at the Star Hotel, Lewes, on TUESDAY, June 17th, 1879, at 3.30 p.m. punctually, this highly-desirable and valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE, comprising 366 acres of arable, hop, meadow, pasture, and wood land, with farmhouses, and buildings, now divided into four convenient farms, as follows:

The TOLL FARM, 130 acres, 3 roods, 38 poles, with farmhouses and buildings; let to Miss Nellie Noukes. TRUMPETS and HUGGLETS FARMS, 86 acres, 0 roods, 12 poles, with farmhouse and buildings.

STONEACRES and PEPPLESHAM FARMS, 74 acres, 1 rood, 9 poles, with farmhouse and buildings; all let to Mr. Wm Andrews.

And ATTWOOD'S FARM, 74 acres, 0 roods, 3 poles, with farmhouse and buildings; let to Mr. Edmund Reed.

Also, 13 COTTAGE DWELLINGS, the whole lying well together, situate at and near Bodle-street, in the parishes of Warbleton and Herstmonceux, Sussex.

Seven Enclosures of FREEHOLD MARSH LAND, containing 23 acres and 31 poles, with lodge and yard, situate about one mile from Hailsham, on the south side of the road leading to Horse Eye; let to Mr. John Walker.

Lot 1 will comprise the marsh land, and lot 2 the remainder of the Property.

The land is in a good state of cultivation. The property is approached by good roads; a trout stream runs through a portion, and it affords excellent partridge shooting.

The timber will be included in the purchase.

Particulars and Conditions of Sale, with Plans of the Property, may be obtained of Inigo Gell, Esq., solicitor, Lewes; and of the Auctioneers, at Lewes and Hailsham.

SUNNINGDALE.—To be LET furnished on lease or for the Summer months, a very charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, adapted for the requirements of a nobleman or gentleman's family. The mansion is well furnished and, contains upwards of thirty rooms, with good offices, ample stabling, extensive gardens and park, farm, &c. In all 240 acres.—Terms and order to view on application to Baxter, Payne, and Lepper, Land Agents, Townhall, Bromley, Kent, and 157, Fenchurch-st., E.C. (4,225 B.)

SCOT RACES.—Small Furnished Residence at Sunningdale, with stabling, coach-house and coachman's room, to be let for the Ascot week.—Particulars of Messrs. Prior and Newson, Auctioneers, Land Agents and Surveyors, 57, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., and Canterbury.

HAKENHURST, Worcestershire.—To be LET for a term, Furnished, the Family Mansion called SHAKENHURST, delightfully situated in the parish of Bayton: extensive shooting and fishing, and near railway station.—Further particulars may be obtained from Mr. Trow, Solicitor, Cleobury Mortimer.

FOR SALE, the pretty modelled fast sailing cutter Yacht "SIBYL," 5 tons, or would be let on hire for the season.—For particulars apply to E. B. J., Cae Coch, Llanidan, Anglesey.

A. FURTWANGLER, 165a, STRAND (NEAR SOMERSET HOUSE). SILVER WATCHES, from 35s. to £10. GOLD WATCHES, from 63s. to £50. CLOCKS and TIMEPIECES, from 12s. to £40. GOLD and SILVER JEWELLERY, in great variety, and in the newest designs.

HORTON, near Windsor.—The Lease of the charming Residential Property, known as Brookfield-house, Horton, Bucks, situate in the midst of most picturesque scenery, about four miles from Windsor, Staines, and Slough, and about a mile and a half from Wraysbury and Datchet Railway Stations. The residence has a southern aspect, is of good elevation, and commands lovely views of the Egham hills and contiguous country, and is approached through an avenue of finely-grown trees, and contains 10 bed and dressing rooms, three reception rooms, spacious hall, and complete domestic offices, conservatory, &c.; there is capital stabling and a small farmery, completely screened from the house. The grounds of about an acre and a half, through which a streamlet flows, are tastefully laid out and full stocked and planted with fine trees and shrubs. The kitchen gardens are very productive and fully stocked, and there is abundance of choice wall fruit. The orchard of about an acre is in full bearing, and there is a paddock and rich meadow studded with timber, the whole comprising about 15 acres. The Queen's stag-hounds and Sir Robt. Harvey's harriers are within easy distance. The house has just been re-decorated and the grounds are in a high state of cultivation, and the property is ready for immediate occupation, and is held for an unexpired term of about 13½ years, at the rent of £160 per annum.

MESSRS. C. D. FIELD and SON will SELL the above-described, charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY by AUCTION, at the Mart, on FRIDAY, June 27th, at Two o'clock. Possession will be given on completion.—A view of the residence may be seen at the office of the Auctioneers, of whom printed particulars can be had; as also at the Mart; or of Messrs. Nye and Greenwood, Solicitors, 171, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The Lodge, Six Mile Bottom.—A choice Freehold Residential Property known as the Lodge, within 3½ miles of Newmarket Heath, and close to Six Mile Bottom Station on the Great Eastern Railway, in the parishes of Bottisham, Little Wilbraham, and Westley, in the county of Cambridge. The house, which has been recently enlarged and improved by the present owner at a considerable outlay, is a large well-planned residence, and contains on the ground floor entrance hall, lofty dining room, drawing room, with conservatory, morning room and library, cloak room and lavatory, and w.c.'s, servants' hall, housekeeper's room, butler's pantry, two kitchens, larder, and dairy. On the first floor eight principal bedrooms, bathroom, four servants' bedrooms, boxroom; beer and wine cellars in the basement, servants' out-rooms, capital stables for nine horses and coach-houses with coachman's rooms over, dog kennels and small well-arranged farmstead, pair of capital cottages, enclosed kitchen garden with greenhouses. The gardens and pleasure grounds are tastefully laid out and planted with handsome shrubs; there are also some fine timber trees on the lawns and park. The land is chiefly pasture laid out in paddocks, well adapted for breeding thoroughbred horses, the whole containing a total area of 54a. 3r. 21p. This estate, from its character and proximity to Newmarket, is particularly suitable for a racing establishment or a stud farm. There is a capital train service from Six Mile Bottom Station to London and the Midland Counties, and a telegraph station.

MESSRS. BIDWELL are instructed by the Owner to SELL the above valuable PROPERTY by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, on MONDAY, the 30th day of June, 1879, at Two o'clock precisely, in one lot. Particulars with plan and conditions of sale and orders to view may be had of Mr. E. Wayman, Solicitor, Cambridge; of Messrs. Lofts and Warner, Land Agents, 99, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, W.; and of Messrs. Bidwell, Land Agents and Surveyors, Ely, and 12, Mill-lane, Cambridge.

VALUABLE FREEHOLD ESTATE of 366 acres, with Farm Houses, Buildings, and 13 COTTAGE DWELLINGS, lying well together, situate at and near Bodle-street, in the parishes of Warbleton and Herstmonceux, about six miles from the market town of Hailsham; also 23 ACRES of FREEHOLD MARSH LAND, situate about one mile from the town of Hailsham, in the County of SUSSEX.

SOUTHERDEN, MORRIS, and BURTONSHAW have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, in Two Lots, at the Star Hotel, Lewes, on TUESDAY, June 17th, 1879, at 3.30 p.m. punctually, this highly-desirable and valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE, comprising 366 acres of arable, hop, meadow, pasture, and wood land, with farmhouses, and buildings, now divided into four convenient farms, as follows:

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Seven Enclosures of FREEHOLD MARSH LAND, containing 23 acres and 31 poles, with lodge and yard, situate about one mile from Hailsham, on the south side of the road leading to Horse Eye; let to Mr. John Walker.

Lot 1 will comprise the marsh land, and lot 2 the remainder of the Property.

The land is in a good state of cultivation. The property is approached by good roads; a trout stream runs through a portion, and it affords excellent partridge shooting.

The timber will be included in the purchase.

Particulars and Conditions of Sale, with Plans of the Property, may be obtained of Inigo Gell, Esq., solicitor, Lewes; and of the Auctioneers, at Lewes and Hailsham.

SUNNINGDALE.—To be LET furnished on lease or for the Summer months, a very charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, adapted for the requirements of a nobleman or gentleman's family. The mansion is well furnished and, contains upwards of thirty rooms, with good offices, ample stabling, extensive gardens and park, farm, &c. In all 240 acres.—Terms and order to view on application to Baxter, Payne, and Lepper, Land Agents, Townhall, Bromley, Kent, and 157, Fenchurch-st., E.C. (4,225 B.)

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Continuation of the Stud Company and other Horse Auctions.

26. CHESTNUT FILLY by Blair Athol out of Crinoline (dam of Crinoline, Rover, Landscape, &c.), by Newminster (foaled January 12).

27. BROWN FILLY by Wild Oats out of Better Half (dam of Beddington), by Mariette (foaled January 11).

28. BROWN COLT by Blue Gown or Wild Oats out of Lovelace (dam of Lauzini, Altyre, &c.), by Sweetmeat (foaled March 25).

29. BAY COLT (brother to Ladylove) by Blair Athol out of Vergiss-mein-Nicht, by The Flying Dutchman (foaled January 12).

30. BAY FILLY by The Palmer out of Mary Ambrée, by Buccaneer (foaled May 13).

31. CHESTNUT COLT by Scottish Chief out of Cravonienne, by Trumpeter (foaled March 5).

32. BROWN FILLY by Adventurer, out of Fairy Queen, by Orest (foaled February 10).

33. BROWN COLT by Speculum, out of Touch-and-Go (dam of Billy Pedder, &c.), by Touchstone (foaled May 8).

34. GREY COLT by Strathconan out of a mare by Rataplan (dam of Cartington) (foaled February 27).

35. BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Maid of Perth, by Scottish Chief foaled April 8).

36. BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Eva by Breadalbane (foaled February 20).

37. CHESTNUT COLT by The Miner out of Melponiene, by Cambuscan (foaled February 17.)

38. CHESTNUT COLT by Blue Gown out of Steppie (dam of Ryegrass, &c.), by Saunterer (foaled March 27).

39. BAY COLT by George Frederick out of Frolicsome by Weatherbit (foaled February 14).

40. BROWN COLT by Carnivall out of Sardinia, by Stockwell (foaled February 13).

41. BAY COLT by Paganini out of Cataconica, by Paul Jones (foaled February 3).

42. BAY FILLY by Caterer out of Harmony (foaled February 17).

43. CHESTNUT FILLY by George Frederick out of Cestus (dam of Niger, &c.), by Newminster (foaled March 30).

44. BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Julian of Julien and Thornfield), by Julius (foaled March 23).

45. BAY FILLY by Blue Gown out of Catherine (dam of Princess Catherine, &c.), by Macaroni foaled March 8.

46. BAY FILLY by George Frederick out of Wild Swan, by Wild Dayrell (foaled February 21).

47. BAY FILLY by Carnival out of Alva, by Blair Athol (foaled February 7).

48. BROWN FILLY by Dutch Skater out of Consort, by Lord of the Isles (foaled February 27).

49. CHESTNUT COLT by Andred out of Miss Metcalf, by Tim Whiffer (foaled April 15).

50. BAY COLT by Kingcraft out of Trickish (dam of Decoy Duck), by Prime Minister (foaled April 12).

51. BAY COLT by George Frederick out of Raquette, by the Rake (foaled April 9).

52. CHESTNUT COLT by Macgregor out of Rona, by Lord of the Isles (foaled April 24).

53. BAY FILLY by Thunderbolt out of Dentelle (dam of Blonde, Astrea, &c.), by Trumpeter (foaled April 1).

54. BAY FILLY by Blair Athol out of Albatross, by Buccaneer (foaled January 19).

55. CHESTNUT FILLY by Carnival out of So Glad (dam of Gladstone), by Gladiator (foaled February 22).

56. BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Black Rose (dam of Bayminster, Blackthorn, &c.), by Neasham (foaled February 1).

57. BAY FILLY by Blair Athol out of Miss Idia, by Newminster (foaled March 18.)

58. THE CITY, a chestnut colt, by Hermit out of Roulade (dam of Tourbillon, Flying Birdcatcher, &c.), by Kettledrum (foaled April 20).

59. ADSAM, a chestnut colt, by Chattonooga, out of Fleur d'Oranger by Lord Clifden (foaled April 29).

60. LUMPS, a bay colt, by Onslow out of Phlegra by Thunderbolt (foaled March 13).

61. PILETON, a bay colt, by Pretender out of Last Love by Annandale (foaled February 23).

62. FEROZA, a chestnut filly by Hermit out of Garnet by Strathconan (foaled May 13.).

63. BONNY, a brown filly, by Saunterer out of Lady Harrington by Y. Melbourne (foaled March 25).

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UNIVERSITIES (late CLERGY) CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION (Limited), 92, Long-acre, W.C.—The Directors are now prepared to receive APPLICATIONS for the APPOINTMENTS of MANAGERS and SUB-MANAGERS for the following Departments, viz.:—

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The name of the Department applied for must be stated outside the envelope in all cases.

No applications for appointments can be received after Monday, June 2.

The necessary alterations to the building (late Queen's Theatre) will be completed under contract by the 10th of July next.

By order,

D. TREVOR-ROPER, Secretary.

Temporary Officer, 69, Long-acre, W.C., May 21, 1879.

UNIVERSITIES (late Clergy) CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION (Limited), 92, Long-acre, W.C. Early application for the remaining shares is requested from qualified persons. The Board will meet for Allotment on Tuesday, June 17, next.

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MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S

THURSDAY'S SALES

HAVE COMMENCED FOR THE SEASON.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL SALE OF THE WARREN STUD YEARLINGS.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at the WARREN STUD FARM, Epsom Downs, on SATURDAY (THIS DAY), May 31, 1879, at ONE o'clock, without reserve, the following YEARLINGS, the property of Mr. B. Ellam.

1. BAY COLT by Ethus out of Victress, by Lampton out of a Scroggins mare (dam of Raunds), her dam Miss Eliza by Humphrey Clinker (foaled April 18).
2. BAY FILLY by Ethus out of Ceybele (dam of Horsham, Salisbury, &c.), by Marsyas out of Kate (winner of 1,000 Guineas), by Auckland out of Gipsy Queen by Dr. Syntax (foaled May 9).
3. BAY FILLY by Van Amburgh out of Hopeful Duchess (own sister to Brown Duchess, winner of the Oaks), by the Flying Dutchman out of Esper (foaled Liverpool March 22).
4. CHESTNUT COLT by Van Amburgh out of Heath of Atholstone, by Ethus out of Temptation by Stockwell.
5. BAY FILLY by Scottish Chief or Ethus out of Lady Annie by Knowsley out of Edith, dam of Lord Ronald and Lady Ronald, by Newminster (foaled May 9).
6. BAY COLT by Ethus out of Queen of the Forest by Atherton out of The Chase (Robin Hood's dam) by Venison (foaled April 25).
7. BAY COLT by Speculum out of Odine (sister to Fille de l'Air and dam of Furley Enido, &c., by Fitz Gladiator out of Pauline by Volcano (foaled April 18).

8. CHESTNUT COLT by Van Amburgh out of Soulagement by Ethus out of Tormentor (winner of the Oaks) by King Tom out of Torment (foaled March 8).
9. CHESTNUT COLT by King of the Forest out of Tormentor (winner of the Oaks) by King Tom out of Torment by Alarm (foaled April 17).
10. BAY COLT by Scottish Chief out of Maid of Perth by Blair Athol, out of Sweet Pea by Touchstone (foaled May 13).
11. BAY COLT by Ethus out of Tomfoolery (dam of Tomfool, Ptarmanig, &c.) by King Tom out of Skit by Orlando (foaled January 26).
12. CHESTNUT COLT by Ethus out of Mandane (own sister to Gladiator) by Monarque, out of Miss Gladiator by Gladiator (foaled February 27).
13. BROWN COLT by Speculum out of Queen Esther by Stockwell out of Hepatica by Voltigeur (foaled April 23).
14. BAY COLT by Saunterer out of Blonde by Dundee out of Blanche of Middlebie by Melbourne out of Phryne by Touchstone (foaled April 18).
15. BROWN FILLY by Sylla out of Bonnie Doon (sister to Clanronald) by Blair Athol out of Isilia by Newminster (foaled February 19).
16. CHESTNUT COLT by Ethus out of Gladness (dam of Rouge Bonnet, My Delight, &c.), by Carnival out of Marseillaise, by Bay Middleton out of Triangle (sister to Pyrrhus the First), by Epirus (foaled April 17).
17. BAY FILLY by Speculum out of Persuasion (winner of the Portland Plate, and dam of Emilius, Miss Ethus, &c.), by the Cure out of Diphthong, by Emilius out of Opalina, by Bedlamite (foaled May 1).
18. BROWN COLT by Ethus out of Miss Adelaide (dam of Westland, Our Emily, and other winners).
19. BROWN COLT by Ethus out of Belle of Ewhurst, by The Sharper out of Miss Adelaide (Westland's dam).
20. BAY FILLY by Ethus out of Princess, by King Tom, out of Mrs. Lincoln, (King Alfred's dam), by Bay Middleton (foaled April 18).
21. CHESTNUT COLT by War out of Temptation, by Stockwell, her dam Sister of Mercy by Melburne out of Frey, by Romulus.
22. CHESTNUT COLT by Ethus out of Maid of Kent (own sister to Ethlum), by Marsyas out of Butterly by Knight of the Whistle (foaled February 14).

All yearlings purchased at Mr. Ellam's sale can remain one week free of charge.

The following YEARLINGS, the property of a Gentleman.

23. CHESTNUT COLT by Blue Gown or Carnival out of Buttercup (dam of Milkman, Cowslip, and Modesty), by Kettledam out of Butterly (winner of the Oaks) (foaled March 30).
24. BROWN FILLY by Pretender out of Dame Marion (dam of Corsair) by Blair Athol out of Marion (dam of Marianette), by St. Martin—Rebecca by Lottery (foaled February 19).

The following YEARLINGS, &c., the property of Alfred H. Lloyd, Esq.

25. CORYPHEE II, a brown yearling filly by Paul Jones out of Columbine (dam of Viscount, &c.) by The Flying Dutchman, her dam Clarissa (Sefton's granddam) by Pantaloan (foaled April 23, 1878).
26. BAY YEARLING COLT by Lord Lyon (by Stockwell) out of Prebendal by Surplice, her dam Cosette by King Tom (foaled April 23, 1878).
27. PREBENDAL (a winner of races) by Surplice out of Cosette by King Tom, her dam by Jerry out of Jenny Jumps; with a filly (foaled April 6) by Citadel, and served by Craig Millar (foaled 1866).

28. COLUMBINE (half sister to Sefton's dam and dam of Viscount, &c.) by The Flying Dutchman out of Clarissa by Pantaloan, her dam by Glencoe out of Frolicsome by Frolic; with a colt foal (foaled March 26) by See-Saw, and served by him again (foaled 1857).
29. BAY FILLY by Van Amburgh out of Prebendal by Surplice, her dam Cosette by King Tom, 2 yrs (foaled April 19, 1877, and warranted untried).
30. CHESTNUT FILLY by Favonious out of Lure (dam of Kissing Crust) by St. Albans, her dam Amazon by Touchstone out of Grace Darling by Defence, 3 yrs (foaled May 18, 1876, and warranted untried).

The following YEARLINGS, the property of Mr. J. W. Howe.

31. BAY FILLY by Cathedral, dam Delightful by Marsyas, her dam Delightful by Birdcatcher out of Extasy by Touchstone (foaled March 5).
32. BAY COLT by Sylla, dam (sister to Summer's Even) dam of Roachampton, &c.) by Stockwell, her dam Summerside (winner of the Oaks) by West Australian (foaled May 10).
33. CHESTNUT COLT by Confederate, dam Halloween by Macaroni or Carnival out of Austrey by Harkaway (foaled March 25).

Also, the following Horses in Training, with their Engagements.

34. LADY ALICIA 3 yrs old by Ethus or Van Amburgh out of Tormentor (winner of the Oaks) by King Tom.
35. LIONESS a bay filly 2 yrs old by Van Amburgh out of Baroness (Marshal Scott's dam) by Young Melbourne.

36. VAN TROMP a bay colt 2 yrs old by Van Amburgh out of Persuasion (winner of the Portland Plate, and dam of Emilius and Miss Ethus) by The Cure.
37. MISS JAMRACH 2 yrs old by Van Amburgh out of Queen Esther by Stockwell out of Hepatica by Voltigeur.

38. CHESTNUT FILLY 2 yrs old by Sylla out of Scottish Queen (winner of 1,000) by Blair Athol, her dam Edith by Newminster. The above are all believed to be quite sound.
39. THE following BROOD MARES, the property of a Gentleman.
40. SYMMETRY (dam of Scimitar and Competitor), by Gemma di Verzy out of The Deformed, by Burgundy or Hawkaway, her dam Welfare by Prima; with a colt foal by Wild Oats (foaled February 8), and covered by Kaiser, last served February 28.
41. MISS GRACEFUL, by Wild Oats out of Ortolyn (dam of Landru) by Saunterer her dam Swallow (dam of Wheatear) by Cotherstone, 3 yrs; covered by Kaiser, last served April 26. The property of a Gentleman.
42. BLACK YEARLING FILLY, by John Davis out of Alice King, by Mogador Hagar by Alarm; foaled May 6, 1878.
43. MAIN BALANCE, by Mainstone out of Matins, The Hero, 4 yrs.

SECOND ANNUAL UNRESERVED SALE OF YEARLINGS BELONGING TO THE MARSEN DEER PARK STUD.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at MARSEN DEER PARK, CATERHAM, SURREY, on SATURDAY, June 7, 1879 (the Saturday before Ascot), at Two o'clock precisely. Marden Deer Park is seventeen miles from London; about one mile from Warlingham Station, S.E.R. where there will be flies waiting.

There are numerous trains from Charing Cross and London Bridge, and on the day of the sale a special train will be run, leaving Charing Cross at 11.30, and London Bridge at 11.35, arriving at Warlingham at 12.15, and will return after the sale, leaving Warlingham at 5.30, and arriving at London Bridge about 6.15 and Charing Cross at 6.20.

Plenty of protection will be provided in case of rain. Purchasers of any of the Marden Deer Park Stud's Yearlings can arrange to leave them at Marden up till Sept. 20, on moderate terms,

1. BAY FILLY by Asteroid out of Fatality by Orest her dam Linda by Teddington, granddam by The Tulip out of Tintoretto by Rubens (foaled March 10).
2. BROWN FILLY by Board out of Néméa (dam of Balagony, Nemo, &c.) by Fitz-Gladiator out of Countess (dam of Mortemer) (foaled March 20).
3. BAY FILLY by Macgregor out of Green Gown (dam of Yellow Gown, &c.) by Solon, her dam Torggery by De Ruyter out of Farthingale by Cotherstone (foaled May 11).
4. CHESTNUT COLT by Flageolet out of Feu de Joie (winner of the Oaks, and the dam of Allumette, Zacheus, Hallate, &c.), her dam Jeu d'Esprit by Flateatcher out of Extempore by Emilius (foaled May 7).
5. BAY COLT by Vedette out of Child of the Mist by Lord Clifden, her dam Maid of the Mist by the Flying Dutchman out of Cossack Maid by Hetman Pluto (foaled Feb. 14, first foal).
6. BAY COLT by Carnival out of Miss Bell by Stockwell, her dam Bessie Bell by Touchstone out of Marion by St. Martin out of Alice Hawthorn's dam (foaled March 20).
7. BAY FILLY by Blair Athol out of Nelly Moore by Voltigeur out of Fickle by Dundee—Changeable by Weatherbit—Miss Aldcroft by Ratan (foaled March 3).
8. CHESTNUT COLT by Mortemer out of Fille du Ciel (sister to Reine, winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, 1872), by Monarque out of Fille de l'Air (winner of the Oaks, 1864) by Faugh-a-Ballagh (foaled April 7).
9. CHESTNUT COLT by Carnival out of Thriftless by Adventurer, her dam Thrift by Stockwell, granddam Braxey by Moss Trooper out of Queen Mary (Blink Bonny's dam) (foaled April 11).
10. BAY COLT by Scottish Chief out of Cassidin (dam of Charnwood, Bradgate, Calcedonia, &c.) by Orlando, her dam Himalaya by Bay Middleton out of Moodkee by Venison (foaled April 30.)
11. BAY FILLY by George Frederick out of North Star by Adventurer, her dam Charlotte Russe by Fauzetto out of Olga by Charles XII.—Fair Helen by Pantaloan—Alice Hawthorn's dam (foaled March 31, first foal).
12. CHESTNUT FILLY by Adventurer out of Bianca by Weatherbit, her dam Kate (winner of the One Thousand Guineas) by Auckland out of the Gipsy Queen by Dr. Syntax (foaled April 12.)
13. BAY FILLY by Mortemer out of Poudrière (winner of the Mottistone, the Troy, &c.) by Monarque out of Duchess of Newcastle by Newcastle, her dam Capucine by Cowl (foaled May 7, first foal).
14. CHESTNUT COLT by The Miner out of Glee Maiden by Marsyas, her dam Elspeth by Birdcatcher out of Blue Bonnet (winner of the St. Leger) by Touchstone (foaled April 5).
15. BAY COLT by Scottish Chief out of Lady Valentine (dam of Cambyses, King Val, &c.) by Sedbury, her dam by Weatherbit, granddam St. Anne by St. Francis out of Virago (foaled Jan. 30.)
16. BAY COLT by Mortemer out of Confidence (winner of the Rutland and many other races) by Monarque out of Cremona by Wild Dayrell, her dam Banshee by The Ugly Buck (foaled April 12—first foal).
17. BLACK FILLY by Cremorne out of Eakring (winner of many races and dam of Old Fashion) by Skirmisher, her dam (h b) by Melbourne (foaled Jan. 19).
18. BAY FILLY by Sterling out of Carine (dam of Caro, Carex, Brown Bess, &c.) by Stockwell, her dam Mayonnaise (winner of the One Thousand Guineas) by Teddington out of Picnic by Glaucus (foaled March 10).
19. BROWN COLT by King o' Scots out of Tragedy (dam of Romance, Comedy, Macready, Roscius, &c.) by Glennmason, her dam Mystery by Jerry out of Nameless by Emilius (foaled Feb. 11).
20. BAY COLT by George Frederick out of Agnes de Mansfield by Weatherbit, her dam Little Agnes by The Cure out of Miss Agnes by Birdcatcher (foaled Feb. 8).
21. CHESTNUT COLT by Flageolet out of Rose of Athol (winner of the Great Yorkshire Stakes) by Blair Athol, her dam Violet by Voltigeur out of Garland by Langar out of Cast Steel by Whisker (foaled Jan. 30.)
22. BAY FILLY (sister to K.G.) by Knight of the Garter out of Manic (dam of The Ruffian, Kelchburne, Hardwick, and K.G.) by De Clare, her dam Kitten by Foxbury out of Valeria by Carew (foaled Jan. 30.)
23. CHESTNUT FILLY by Citadel out of Donna del Lago (dam of Hellvellyn, Ladoga, Rhoderrick Dhu, Lord Lincoln, &c.) by Lord of the Isles, her dam Shot (Markman's dam) by Birdcatcher out of Wasp by Muley Moloch (foaled Feb. 25.)
24. BAY COLT by Wild Oats out of Conclia (dam of Lord Stafford and Bonnie Mardon) by Beadsman, her dam Plunder (dam of Lord Clive) by Buccaneer out of Sister to Eglis—Andover's dam (foaled March 9).
25. BAY COLT by Thunderer out of N.B. by Dundee, her dam Irish Point (sister to Dalby) by Daniel O'Rourke, granddam by Cowl (foaled March 10). Thunderer is by Thunderbolt out of Homily by Surprise.
26. BAY FILLY by Dutch Skater out of Ribbon (dam of Harmless, &c.) by Rataplan, her dam Lady Alicia by Melbourne out of Testy by Venison (foaled Feb. 10).
27. BAY FILLY by Caterer out of Melanic by Y. Melbourne, granddam Lady Ann by Touchstone out of Susan by Ellis—Tesane by Whisker (foaled March 25, first foal).

The following TWENTY-TWO YEARLINGS will also be sold on the same day at Marden Deer Park.

The property of Mr. Caledon D. Alexander.

BLACK COLT by Sylla out of Sister Mary by Ellington (dam of Kentford, Marius, Janus, Mariosch, &c.), her dam Hersy by Glauces out of Hester by Camel.

BAY FILLY by Henry out of Shatemac by Thunderbolt, her dam Potomac by Newminster out of Tasmania by Melbourne.

BAY FILLY by Costa out of Mischief by Knight of Kars, her dam Donna by Hetman Platoff out of Otisina by Liverpool.

CHESTNUT FILLY by Thunderbolt out of La Belle Jeanne (dam of Thunderstone, Janet, &c.).

CHESTNUT COLT by Thunderbolt out of The Orphan by Typhoeus, her dam by Orlando out of Torment (sister to Laurn).

BAY COLT by Thunderbolt out of Hubbub (dam of Explosion) by Comotion, her dam Miss Harkaway.

BAY FILLY by Speculum out of Maypole by Skirmisher, her dam May Morning by Chanticleer.

CHESTNUT COLT by Thunderbolt out of Potomac (dam of Red Cloud, &c.) by Newminster, her dam Tasmania by Melbourne.

BAY FILLY by General Peel out of Pintail by Stockwell, her dam by Tyrillus the First out of Miss Whip by The Provost.

CHESTNUT FILLY by Virgilis out of Se Leicht by Buccaneer, her dam by Stockwell out of Mary Aislabie (sister to Lady Ripon).

CHESTNUT FILLY by Y. Trumpeter out of Anticipation (dam of Conductor, &c.) by Acrobat, her dam Anxiety by Alarm.

BAY COLT by Blue Gown, dam The Arab's dam by Peon, her dam Star and Stripes by Optimist out of Buccaneer's dam.

CHESTNUT COLT by Thunderbolt out of Miss Becker by Brother to Stratford, her dam Homily by Surprise out of Blue Devils by Velocipede.

CHESTNUT COLT by Thunderbolt out of Pillage by Cambuscan, her dam Plunder by Buccaneer out of Sister to Eglis by Defence.

CHESTNUT COLT by Thunderbolt out of Ninna (dam of Nina, Thundercloud, &c.) by Buccaneer.

THURSDAY'S SALES.

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs.

TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on THURSDAY, June 5th, TEN HACKS and HARNESS HORSES, the property of Sir T. Barrett Lennard (without reserve). Among them are Two well-matched Pairs of Cobs, which are fine goers, and have been driven together and separately by a lady.

1. BROWN FILLY by Board out of Néméa (dam of Balagony, Nemo, &c.) by Fitz-Gladiator out of Countess (dam of Mortemer) (foaled March 20).

2. BAY FILLY by Macgregor out of Green Gown (dam of Yellow Gown, &c.) by Solon, her dam Torggery by De Ruyter out of Farthingale by Cotherstone (foaled May 11).

3. BAY FILLY by Flageolet out of Feu de Joie (winner of the Oaks, and the dam of Allumette, Zacheus, Hallate, &c.), her dam Jeu d'Esprit by Flateatcher out of Extempore by Emilius (foaled May 7).

4. CHESTNUT COLT by Flageolet out of Rose of Athol (winner of the Great Yorkshire Stakes) by Blair Athol, her dam Violet by Voltigeur out of Garland by Langar out of Cast Steel by Whisker (foaled Jan. 30).

5. BAY FILLY by Young Melbourne out of Punishment, by Knowsley (foaled April 11).

6. BAY FILLY by Blue Gown out of Muscherina, by Macaroni or Carnival (foaled April 15).

7. CHESTNUT FILLY by Blue Gown out of Young Desdemona, by Thormanby (foaled April 19).

8. BAY COLT by Blair Athol out of Polias (dam of Policy), by Weatherbit (foaled April 11).

9. BAY FILLY by Caterer out of Marchioness Maria, by Colsterdale (foaled March 30).

10. BAY FILLY by George Frederick out of Friccane (dam of Haggis), by Caterer (foaled February 4).

11. BAY FILLY by Blair Athol out of Matilda (dam of Cottenham, Princess Mathilda, &c.), by Orlando (foaled February 5).

12. BAY FILLY by Blair Athol out of Martinique, by Macaroni, her dam Curacao (dam of Surinam, Mirobolante, &c.), by The Cure (foaled February 24).

13. ROAN FILLY by Blue Gown out of Lady Fly, by Chanticleer (foaled February 5).

14. GREY COLT by Blue Gown out of Semiramis (dam of Rossini), by Thormanby (foaled February 10).

15. BAY COLT by Wild Oats out of Queen of the Chase, by Blair Athol (foaled February 8).

16. CHESTNUT COLT by Blue Gown out of Armada (dam of Bella, Lammermoor, Freebooter, &c.), by Buccaneer (foaled January 26).

17. CHESTNUT FILLY by George Frederick out of May Queen (sister to Spinnettes, and dam of Saxon Queen, Mayfair, &c.), by Trumpeter (foaled February 19).

18. BAY FILLY by Albert Victor out of Cicely Hackett, by Le Maréchal (foaled February 9).

19. CHESTNUT COLT by Carnival out of Miss Manner, by Blair Athol (foaled January 25).

20. CHESTNUT COLT by Blue Gown out of Reine Sauvage, by King Tom (foaled January 29).

21. BAY FILLY by Henry out of Creole (dam of Uncle Tom, &c.), by Newminster (foaled January 17).

22. BAY FILLY (sister to Claremont) by Blair Athol out of Coimbra (dam of Glenalmond, Orléans, &c.), by Kingston (foaled March 13).

23. BAY COLT by George Frederick out of Letty West (dam of Loochtie, &c.), by West Australian (foaled March 21).



"TYPES" ON THE DERBY COURSE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the EDITOR, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

J. JONES.—The lady could not have played the part at Drury Lane in the year mentioned, because between 1758 and 1761 the piece was not produced at either of the patent theatres.

JOSEPH CHAMBERS.—There was a celebrated actress in France named Madame Simon, but we have no record of her visiting England. The following anecdote of her is an amusing one. Soon after this actress's marriage, one of the most opulent *parvenus* in the capital sent for an eminent artist, and told him she would give a hundred louis d'ors for her perfect likeness; the painter promised that he would pay becoming attention to the order, and exert his best faculties to give satisfaction. He succeeded even beyond his own expectations, and sent the highly finished portrait home: it however happened that, when the correct copy was handed to the original, she was surrounded by a swarm of loungers, who took a malicious pleasure in repeating that the portrait was not at all like her. "No (says one to her), though it may be a very good likeness of your deceased grandmother." Another added, "that a stupid and unmeaning look could never be a substitute for vivacity and expression of countenance." A third *petit maître* exclaimed, "instead of a mouth, he has delineated an oven, and for roseate, he has given you livid lips." A fourth swore that, "instead of animated eyes, the dauber had made apertures, resembling two burnt holes in a carpet." A fifth was going to offer his critique, when the enraged beauty rang for a *l'huissier*, to whom she gave the portrait and 50 louis, with orders to tell the unfortunate painter that if the sum she sent did not satisfy him, he might keep the picture. The artist, astonished, told the footman to wait while he wrote a line to his mistress, which he did as follows: "Madame, partageons la différence;" or, in familiar English, "let us split the difference." What then must have been the surprise of Madame Simon when on opening the note (not a *billet doux*) she found one half of the portrait, and then learned from the domestic that Monsieur G—had put the 50 louis into his pocket.

M. B.—Miss Lydia Thompson is Mrs. Alexander Henderson. The young lady you mention is, we believe, unmarried. The age of the popular Gaiety actress has never been confided to us. At a guess we should say thirty-four or five.

M. S.—There was an actor named Maywood whose *début* at Drury Lane

Theatre as Shylock, in *The Merchant of Venice*, created quite a sensation in 1817. He was a Scotchman, who strove to throw Edmund Kean into the shade, and it was supposed by many that he would do so. Night after night he was received with the utmost enthusiasm, but his after performances in *Richard III.* and *Zurga* were so vastly inferior that he was abruptly dismissed, and soon afterwards went to America. On his return he made a second attempt at the Surrey Theatre, where his failure was so complete that the audience would not suffer the play to proceed. What became of him afterwards we do not know.

GEORGE BARNES.—The Greenwich Theatre in 1819 was under the management of Mr. Saville Faust. We cannot tell you who in the same

year was manager of the Croydon Theatre.

S. C. D.—Sir Patrick de Colquhoun, Q.C., must be sadly wanting in common

sense if he supposes that his ridiculous ideas are at all likely to meet with

serious discussion. The plays were entered in Shakespeare's name at

Stationer's Hall, during the poet's lifetime, published by the players, who

were his friends and companions, in his name, printed unchallenged soon

after his death, and referred to as Shakespeare's by many contemporary

writers.

SPORTING.

JASPER SPINK.—The story of Mr. John Gully's first appearance in the prize

ring is very well told by the late Paul Bedford in his autobiography.

A local pugilistic champion called "The Flying Tinman," of Bath, had

fought a Bristol champion, called "Sixteen-String Jack," who disposed of

his opponent in about twenty minutes. The victor was a huge fellow

weighing eighteen stone, while the Bath pugilist weighed only eleven

stone. "Sixteen-String Jack" having loudly boasted his ability to "polish off" a dozen more "Bath squirts," "and send them home to their

mothers in their cart," while he was doing so there stood among the

spectators a father and his two sons, "as fine specimens," said Mr.

Bedford, "of the human form as eyes ever gazed upon. The father's name

was Gully, and his son John said, 'Father, let me have a set-to with that

great brute!'" No, John," said the father, "suppose he should kill thee,

boy; 'twill be the death of thee dear mother!'" Never mind, father," said

John, "I shall know when I've got enough," and with these words he threw

his hat into the ring, which betokens the acceptance of a challenge.

When this fine young fellow stripped he was a model of anatomy. The

monster saw this comparatively fragile figure before him, and the brute

cried out in derision to his man Jack to get the cart ready, for in ten

minutes he should send this baby home to his poor mother a-crying!

Well, the fight began, and it resulted in the defeat of the Bristol brute,

who had to be carried to his own cart, amidst the joyous shouts of the

people, who were bearing young Gully round the ring in triumph."

The father of Gully was a butcher at Wick, seven miles from Bath, and the

fame of his victory spreading to London led to his receiving many

tempting offers to make the ring his profession, all of which he for a time

withstood.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTT.—"Robene Hude and Litil Jhone" was printed at Edinburgh in

1509, and will be found in Ritson's collection of Robin Hood ballads.

A BRIDE.—We do not know what is the exact meaning of the passage in the

marriage service, running "With my body I thee worship." It has often

been made the subject of controversy and argument. On the review of

the liturgy, which took place in the reign of Charles II., it was decided

that the word worship should give place to the word honour, but it is

evident that the decision was afterwards either overruled or withdrawn.

Why or when we cannot tell.

ASKIM.—Your question is rather complicated. There may be some amateurs

who know as much of dogs as veterinary surgeons. But as a very general

rule a professional opinion is best on all subjects.

W. L.—The Lucy family are the direct descendants of the Cherlecotes, who gave the place its name. The Cherlecotes assumed the name of Lucy towards the close of the 12th century.

E. G. X.—We are told that it is no uncommon thing to have horses sent to the slaughter-house in a sound and healthy condition, in which case they must be killed within three days, unless the properly authorised inspector decides otherwise, in which case they are kept alive for eight days, to give time for the necessary inquiries.

JAMES HURST.—The "Exquisite" coach ran between Bristol and Exeter.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

READY-MONEY BETTING.

OUR racing administrators, with all their zeal for the welfare and respectability of the Turf, are not altogether happy in their attempts to resist reforms from without, nor to inaugurate a new régime from within. Latterly we have had instances of both these shortcomings, which are much to be regretted, as tending to shake public confidence in the self-elected body to which we are content to confide the destinies of sport, and which has latterly evinced a more pronounced determination to set its house in order. It is rather hard lines for the Jockey Club to have to encounter opposition in whatever direction they propose to act for the presumed benefit of their numerous *clientèle*; for it must be admitted that they have latterly bestirred themselves to compass reforms which would have shocked many of the old stagers among them in the days when Lords Glasgow and Exeter had a voice in their councils. But they have encountered signal opposition and discomfiture in their recent attempts to remedy admitted grievances, and they are all the more to be pitied, because there are not wanting carpers and cavillers to throw doubt on the sincerity of their intentions, and to dispute the policy of their interference. Their action with regard to the Racecourses Licensing Bill may have been dignified, as upholding and proclaiming their divine right to grapple with a crying evil; but their promise to remedy the grievance came too late, and the House of Lords refused to listen to the prayer of the aristocratic memorialists. It was universally felt that the time had gone by when any substantial measure of reform could be expected from a body the members of which were known to be divided upon the point at issue; and accordingly a measure was approved, and will finally pass into law, which virtually sets aside and ignores the asserted sole right of the Jockey Club to legislate upon matters nominally within its province and control.

In their action with regard to ready-money betting the supreme council of the turf have met with another disastrous repulse, none the less damaging to their prestige because effected on technical grounds, albeit there appears to be no reason why a better organised attack should fail, looking at the spirit of law instead of its letter. There can be no doubt of the positive illegality of ready-money betting, but hitherto only weak and therefore abortive attempts have been made with a view to its abolition; and it was the general impression that the Jockey Club had been too well advised to undertake a crusade without the certainty of succeeding. However, the trial came off contrary to the expectations entertained of a final settlement of the question in favour of the Club, and we are now "as we were" with regard to a system, for and against which its upholders and opponents can both advance very specious arguments. As regards the possibility of stamping out ready-money betting, we may remark that this is merely a question of time and money, and if the Jockey Club, or failing that body, the Government, determine to work its abolition, nothing can be more certain than its ultimate fate. A sufficiently large body of police, aided by spies and informers, resorting regularly to all race meetings, can speedily make it too hot for the gentry who have hitherto driven so remarkably thriving a trade in the various rings and enclosures. The business once suppressed, it would be comparatively easy to prevent its resuscitation, for if bookmakers did not quickly grow weary of perpetual ouslaughts, the noble army of backers would certainly tire of a game carried on under such galling restrictions, and would leave the genii of the betting-ring to their fate. But it is rather with the policy than with the possibility of abolishing ready-money betting that we are here concerned; and it may not be unprofitable to take the present opportunity of a lull in the conflict to consider the expediency of so sweeping a measure, and one exacting so much time, trouble, and expense in carrying out, to say nothing of the machinery subsequently required to prevent constant ebullitions of the disorder. Passing over the alleged undesirability of "class legislation," which we propose to eliminate altogether from the inquiry, we are brought face to face with the very plausible question of why the offence should be greater of accepting or proffering money for a bet beforehand than of settling the same subsequently in the manner adopted at the various betting clubs and marts throughout the country. At first sight it would seem as if the aim of the abolitionists was to cut the ground from under the feet of speculators in small sums, on the plea that the practice of betting among the lower classes was undesirable and against the best interests of that community. We cannot pretend to deny that a consideration of this kind, however unfair and onesided it may appear, has had its weight with opponents of ready-money betting, but we contend that a far more serious and substantial evil underlies this superficial argument, and we fancy that hitherto it has not received the fair and impartial judgment to which it is entitled. It is argued that, granting ready-money betting in the peasant to be to all intents and purposes as justifiable and permissible by the law of morality as in the case of his superior in rank, yet it brings in its train evils and abuses unknown in circles where credit is the order of the day. We are asked to analyse and to examine the composition of the mob which fills our enclosures and crowds our courses, about a third of which, it is stated on reliable authority, make such places their resort in the hope and expectation of loot and plunder. The energies of this horde of roughs and thieves are naturally concentrated upon the places where the best and readiest

means exist of indulging in their taste for snatching, hustling, and kindred approved methods of "collaring the ready;" and it is notorious that these gangs are invariably to be seen hovering on the skirts of the lists, in the vicinity of ready-money bettors, or wherever money changes hands. The police authorities are almost powerless against these predatory hordes, which in reality often constitute the majority of the "enormous attendances" we hear and read of; and it has actually been argued that were ready-money betting to be abolished, racing could not be carried on for lack of support; whereas it is notorious that these ruffians contribute not one farthing to the expenses of the meeting, but rather detract from profits which might be expected to result from a better class of people patronising the national sport than are now induced to attend races, through the fear of being robbed and maltreated. We confess this is a most cogent argument against the system of speculation now in vogue, and it is apparent that sooner or later the Jockey Club or Government must interfere, not with the desire or intention of favouring the swell at the expense of his humblest imitator, but with the object of removing altogether the "carcase" which at present attracts all the foul, filthy birds of prey in the vicinity to fatten and gorge themselves upon it. There is ample enjoyment in racing without crowds or roughs, as the Sandown and other authorities have shown, and for which we owe them many thanks, as pioneers of reform in a direction much needed, but at present little heeded. It is a pitiful excuse to urge that sport will be spoiled because of the absence from our courses of the scum of the population; but this we shall continue to be pestered with, and in an ever increasing degree, so long as traffic in ready money holds out inducements for the pocket-picking, welshing, ticket-snatching, and other means of acquiring illicit gain which are the inevitable concomitants of "cash transactions."

THE STORY OF ROBERT, SON OF
EUDE,

KNOWN AS ROBIN HOOD.

By A. H. WALL.

PART TWO.

CONCERNING THE REBELLION OF KING HENRY THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER I.

Io archer libing in his time
With him might well compare;
He practised all his youthful prime
That exercise most rare.

—A True Tale of Robin Hood.

Lebor a ring, diner a neuf,
Souper a ring, soucher a neuf,
Fait' libre d'ans nonante et neuf.

—Recreations Historiques, tom. i., p. 170.

It was in the year of our Lord eleven hundred and sixty-six, the twelfth of King Henry the Second's reign. Summer had come again, and the woodland was cool and shady under its thick roof of clustering leaves. Insects were humming, birds singing, brooks rippling, and the green boughs rustled in the softly-whispering breeze. The second meal of the day, supper, was over, and on the castle green at Loxley a merry party had assembled for the evening pastimes and sports.

One laughing group, mainly composed of foresters, archers, and two of the lady's bower-women, had in their midst a sturdy little lad of five years old, their lord's son, Robin Eude, bending his first bow.

A butt had been set up for the child's diversion, and at every false shot a mirthfully mocking laugh rang out from men and maidens. But although the boy flushed, partly with shame, and partly with anger, at each miss, it was most amusing to see how quietly and resolutely—quite like a miniature man—he fitted another arrow to his little bow, and with what grave earnestness and perseverance he tried and tried, and tried again, each time more hardly and anxiously, to hit the mark. But his tiny shafts, fluttering amongst the group, went first on this side of the butt and then on that, striking now one merry fellow, who tumbling down, pretended to be killed or wounded, and now another, whose cry of feigned pain and comical grimace provoked fresh merriment, until at length the butt was hit, and a great cheer arose for little Robin Eude. But although the boy looked delighted and proud, there were tears in his eyes as he threw down his bow, and ran into the great hall, where his mother sat, with some of her handmaids, who were spinning.

"What's the matter, Robin?" said she.

"They've been laughing at me, and I don't like it."

"And why did they laugh at you?"

"Because I couldn't hit the butt with my shaft," said Robin, adding, with a proud laugh—"but I hit it at last though, I did!"

"And did they laugh at you then?"

"Aye, so they did, and never were men more faithful, or more sorely tried," said the Lady Margaret, and in her softened voice there was a touch of tenderness, begotten of her wifely love. "But," she added, "this Hereward was a mere robber and murderer, Robin, an outlaw."

"Why, so was my father an outlaw, and so was my grandfather, and my uncle, and my great ancestor Waltheof the Saint—and he was Saxon, too. And it was only his enemies who said Hereward was a robber and murderer; his friends knew him better. And he was of no ill-conditioned man, lady mother, for his father was Leofric, Earl of Chester, and his mother was the beautiful saint-lady Godiva, who took away the tax from Coventry."

"I have heard the story. And so he was her son, this Hereward."

"Aye, that he was, and a brave one too. Alfred the Archer has seen their tomb in the Minster at Coventry, and his grandfather was out with Hereward in the fens."

"Tell me his story, Robin."

And so instead of little Robin sitting at his mother's knees to hear a story, she sat in the sunlight of the open porch amongst the twirling spinning-wheels while he told one.

The evening shadows grew long; nightingales were singing in the wood; and Robin was still pursuing his stories of Hereward with untiring energy and earnestness. But the Lady Margaret was no longer listening. Her thoughts had gone back to her old hiding-place in the cave, and as her fancy pictured it and brought back lovingly the scenes it witnessed, she murmured to herself, "He was born in the wood—he was born in the wood."

At last with a deep sigh she aroused herself, and said aloud, "You are a good little varlet, Robin, and have an excellent memory, but now, hark! the bell rings to vespers, and you must to your prayers and to bed."

"But you said you would tell me a story."

"In the morning I will tell you a long one. Now kiss me and say good-night."

The boy obeyed, first putting his arms lovingly about her neck and kissing her repeatedly, with genuine warmth and heartiness.

The men-at-arms and the archers lounging upon the drawbridge above the moat doffed their caps as the Lady Margaret appeared at the castle-gate listening for the cheerful horns which should proclaim her lord's return from hunting. She looked very charming as she stood in the rich glow of the sunset, her long green robes fitting closely to her tall, graceful form, and by their colour heightening the brilliancy of her rich complexion. The wimple wrapped over her head and under the chin, and fastened about the head by a fillet of plain gold, adorned with a single jewel, although it concealed her beautiful hair, appeared to give the oval face and large, dark, brilliant eyes some added charm.

Presently the sounds she listened for were heard, and in an instant the loungers were busy, while the lady hurried over the bridge, as the Lord of Loxley and his company came riding up the hill, to be first in giving welcome.

William threw his bow to the archer who took his bridle, leaped lightly from his steed, and, catching his wife in his arms, imprinted a fervid kiss upon her lips. He laughed as she blushed, passing on under the great portcullis with a playful jest and his arm about her waist.

"You are late, William, and supper is over."

"Do not reproach me, fair lady mine. We have brought you goodly store for the larder, and a skin or two for the leather-dresser, all worth the waiting for."

"And Edward hath fish enough for Friday—so you will stay at home to-morrow, Willie."

Thus talking they enter the hall where a meal is prepared, and afterwards they play chess, and then sit lovingly talking in the twilight about their boy, Robin, and his archery, and his old Saxon stories of Hereward in the greenwood, until William goes to look at him sleeping placidly in his box-like bed, and fondly kisses him, and so goes with his wife to rest.

The steeds have been stabled, and their grooms are sleeping under their blankets on the straw beside them. Solemn stillness and darkness have settled down upon Loxley Castle and church, and the woodland solitudes surrounding them. The warders and sentinels are on duty, the drawbridge raised, the portcullis lowered, the gates fast closed and secured.

Five in the morning found the inmates of Loxley again astir preparing for matin service in the church, and soon after, all the varied tasks of the day were fairly in hand to the rude music of bleating sheep, lowing kine, grunting swine, and all the other confusing noises of dogs and horses, geese and fowls. Stablemen were laughing and talking as they brought in water, woodmen as they went forth to bring in fuel for the cooks, who, always noisy and self-important, were running now for this, now for that, in and out of the kitchen in which they ate and slept and prepared the castle meals. John the Steward was giving instructions for the day to shepherds, swineherds, and field labourers. The maidens arising went to their spinning and weaving. Artisans were gathering together their tools—they were very few—men-at-arms were burnishing their hauberks and weapons, foresters and archers were bound for the forest, and over all the medley of confusing sounds rang out clear and distinct a terrible sign of the times, that ominous clink-a-clink-clink of the smiths' hammers, ever busy repairing or forging weapons and armour. There were no idlers in Loxley then, and no starving women, children, and old people as of late there had been. Maud, my lady, active and fresh, rosy of cheek, and bright of eye, was busy with her maids and their domestic duties. My lord, William, cheery and frank, and manly of voice and bearing, looked to his dogs and horses, watchful, observant, and justly exacting, sometimes severe and angry, but never violent of speech, and always kindly and thoughtful of good to those who served him faithfully and well.

At nine in the forenoon dinner, the great meal of the day, was served in the rush-strewn hall, the table being plentifully furnished with a variety of dishes, and provided at the head table with not a few delicacies, dellegrout, maupiquynun, karumpie, and other choice preparations, concerning the composition of which we know nothing, with spiced bread; and, for drinking, mead, spiced claret, cyder, perry, hypocras (wine mixed with honey), and ale.

Before supper, at five in the afternoon, my lord and lady rode out a-hawking, with little Robin Eude on his pony, and a band of armed retainers for her protection, and by nine at night they were all again in bed. And as this night and day were, so had quiet days of weeks and months and years been at Loxley since the second King Henry ruled the land, and God gave its people lawful peace and order.

But, alas! those quiet days and nights were soon to be no more.

To be continued.—Commenced in No. 276.)

MR. HULTON HARROP having resigned the mastership of the Shrewsbury Hunt, Mr. R. L. Burton's (a former master) offer to accept the post has been unanimously accepted.

The Moore and Burgess Minstrels celebrated the centenary of the birth of Thomas Moore, the poet, on Wednesday last by giving at two special concerts, morning and evening, the most popular of "Moore's Irish Melodies."

VETERINARIAN.

THE ESSENTIALS TO GOOD ACTION.

PRACTICAL horsemen, we believe, are not a literary class, but when information pertaining to horses can be got out of literature they are always eager to read. A good deal of confusion is found to be present in most horsemen's minds when they are asked how they account for good safe action. Some will say all depends on a light forehand; others on the set of the shoulder; whilst a third class will declare they have never thought much on the subject, but can tell safe action when they see it. This last class is quite right, for whatever theories on the matter we hold, there are so many varieties, so to speak, of conditions conducing to safe action that we have to see the action to see that all parts work in harmony. To show that the first conjecture is wrong, and that a light forehand is not the only essential, we may instance the daisy-cutting action of the racehorse. We have no class, however, to point to in order to demonstrate the second conjecture—the proper set of the shoulder—to be wrong, but there is nothing uncommon in seeing a horse with a light neck and fine deep oblique shoulders with a low fumbling action. There are three essentials to good safe action; but before enumerating them we must stop to point out that we do not recognise the absurd chin-touching action which some quasi-horsemen delight in, and which arises often from a defective and badly regulated nervous system, or, worse still, which is the commoner cause of the two, from undue shortness of the forearm. The action we characterise as good or safe every practical horseman knows quite well; but to carry all readers along with us we may define it as free shoulder movement with a light elastic step, and the feet well lifted and put forward. The essentials to this action are—

1. A well held up neck and head.
2. High withers.
3. Obliquely-placed shoulders.

Whilst these are the only essentials, there are other conditions not essentials, but which arise out of these, and which usually, but not always, accompany them, such as lightness of neck, fineness of shoulders, and so forth.

1. *Why must the neck and head be held well up?*—In order to illustrate this we may take a familiar example and compare the shoulder movement and mechanism to a child's swing. Suppose two children to be playing with a swing, and one of them is seated in it, whilst the other swings him in it. The child outside the swing can either push or pull the swing. Suppose he chooses to pull it and uses a string attached to the seat or lower part of the swing. Then our analogy is complete if we imagine the child using a long string, and standing well forwards on the swing's path. Exactly do we find this contrivance in the horse. We have the whole shoulder—including blade and arm bone and all the fleshy mass covering these—to represent the swing. The shoulder is fixed, or nearly so, like the swing at the top, whilst the whole of the lower part swings to and fro like a pendulum, and the string pulling it forward is a tape-shaped muscle running from the poll of the head down by the side of the neck, and gets extensively attached to the lower parts of the shoulder. By alternately lengthening and shortening, and having the head and upper part of the neck as a fixed point, this muscle swings the shoulder forward as the boy pulls forward the swing. This muscle pulls the shoulder in the line of its own direction, so that if the neck be carried low the muscle pulls the bottom of the shoulder forwards, but not upwards, whilst if the neck be held up this muscle pulls the bottom of the shoulder upwards as well as forwards. Therefore the neck of the horse in good and safe action, which must be action where the feet are lifted well off the ground, and carried well forward, must be held high.

We have not mentioned the muscles which pull our living swing backwards, as it is unnecessary here to do so.

2. *High withers are essentials to good action.*—The reason of this is that without deep or high withers the head and neck cannot be carried high for any great length of time. Of course a horse with low withers can lift his head and neck very high momentarily, as in feeding out of a high hay-rack; but when a horse is walking or trotting well, the head and neck must be continuously held well up all the time. The neck and head are suspended from the withers to a great extent by a powerful elastic ligament which runs along the upper part of the back bone and upper part of the neck, as far as the poll of the head. The difference between high and low withers we can also illustrate by a very simple example thus:—Suppose a boy to be standing upon a wall six feet in height, whilst another boy is standing on the ground close to the wall immediately under him. Let us suppose a scaffolding pole to be placed with one end against the bottom of the wall, close to the lower boy, and let the other end extend directly away from the wall. Now if each boy has a cord tied to the end of the pole furthest away from the wall, and the object is to lift this end upwards, the boy on the wall will pull it up with comparative ease, but not so the other boy. The lower boy will pull the pole without lifting it. This is exactly the mechanism of the withers. The wall is the withers, the bones of the neck the pole, and the cord is the elastic ligament we have named. To be sure there are muscles also at the upper part of the neck, which assist the ligament, and these with low withers have a good deal to do and get very bulky, so that we see low withers and a fleshy—and therefore heavy—neck.

3. *The shoulders must be obliquely placed.*—By this is meant that the bottom part of the shoulder must be well forward, whilst the top is placed well back. When this is so, seeing that the shoulder swings to and fro and the top is the part most fixed, it follows of course that a good oblique shoulder in its swinging movement will swing higher and more forward, but will not swing so far back as one placed more upright. In the racehorse, where extent of movement is the main object, of course the shoulder or pendulum cannot be too upright. But notice with this the close action. For the fore-leg to be lifted bodily well up and forward the bottom of the shoulder must also be so lifted, and when the shoulder is obliquely placed the bottom of the blade-bone is well up and forward to start with, and the top of the blade-bone well back.

The lower part of the fore-leg, that is, the part below the shoulder, has less hold on our consideration, and has less to do in determining good action. The length of the two longest bones of the fore-leg plays a part in the difference between extreme high action and good action not over high. If the bone from the elbow to the knee be short, this leaves the shin-bone longer, and the knee is lifted higher than when the converse is the case. Of course, we are supposing no lameness in the horse or other infirmity. Lameness we cannot discuss here, as it determines action. The arm-bone of the horse, like the thigh-bone, is relatively so short, and varies so little in length in horses of the same breed, that it, too, we have left out of count, except in so far as it goes to form in the horse the large mass we call the shoulder.

Good action with appropriate speed, then, we have seen depends largely upon the shoulders, whilst the shoulders for movement depend largely on a muscle which runs on the side of the neck its whole length. It is much to be regretted that the splendid action to be witnessed any day in the Row is so adul-

terated, so to speak, by a lot of quasi-horsemen, who buy and pride themselves on riding horses whose fore action reminds one so much of double strighthalt. This extreme is in our eyes a grave defect, and has nothing to do with good action further than in good action the feet are lifted well off the ground; but of course in good action they are not put down again on the same place. We object to this absurd action coming within what is known as "park action." As we have said, it has nothing particularly akin to it save the feet lifting. 'Arry, in his "Sunday clothes," cannot be taken for a well-dressed gentleman by anybody of taste and judgment, and yet his elegant turn-out bears exactly the same relation to the "well-dressed" that our chin-kicker bears to the horse with good action. It's an ill wind, however, that blows no one good, and our showy chin-kicker can make an impression on certain minds whilst he carries his feeble rider, whom a horse with good action would shake too much for his this-side-up-with-care requirements, with the requisite amount of tenderness for which the rider is both able and willing to pay. If one wants to see pretty action, the Park is as good a place as any in Europe for seeing it, diluted as we have said by these chin-kickers which render the scene less pleasing to the lover of horseflesh.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. E. K.—Many thanks for the Problem; your wishes shall be attended to.

F. T. (Derby).—Your amusing papers are very acceptable.

J. T. (Eton College).—Your letter received. The problem will be published in the course of this month.

H. F. PAUL (Chicago).—Your second letter duly received; thanks for news; we shall be glad to do our best to help you in the matter referred to, but we fear you will find it very difficult to obtain such an opponent for such a battle.

E. L.—Much obliged for your kind fulfilment of your promise.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 230, by D. L. Arthur (Harrogate); T. Robertson-Aikman, J. G., and Tyra, are correct.

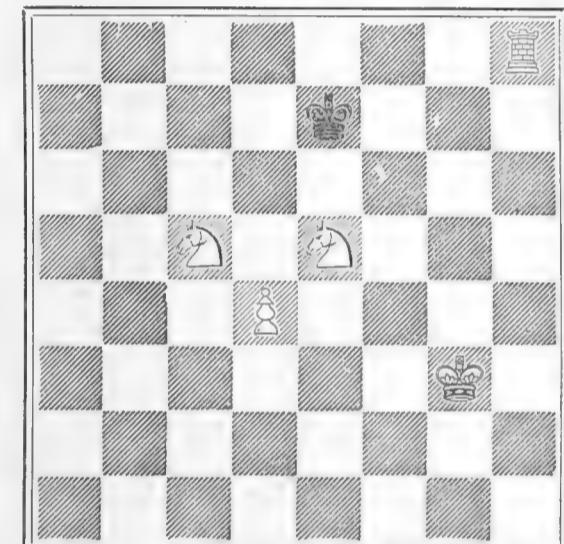
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 230.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to R 3	Q takes B (best)
2. Kt from Kt 6 to B 4	Q takes Kt
3. Kt to R 5 (mate).	

PROBLEM NO. 231.

By E. J. L. (London).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The following is one of 17 games conducted simultaneously by Mr. J. H. Blackburne, against 17 strong amateur:—

[Gambit declined.]

WHITE. (Mr. Blackburne.)	BLACK. (Mr. —.)	WHITE. (Mr. Blackburne.)	BLACK. (Mr. —.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	15. R to R 2	R to Kt 6 sq
2. P to K B 4	B to B 4 (a)	16. R to Kt 2	Kt to Q 2
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3	17. B to Kt 2	P to K B 4 (f)
4. B to B 4	B to Kt 5 (b)	18. P takes P	Kt to B 3
5. P to B 3 (c)	Q to K 2	19. Q to R 4	Q to B 2
6. P to Q 4	P takes P	20. R to Kt 6	Kt to Q sq (g)
7. Castles	Kt to B 3	21. Kt to Q 2	P to Q 4 (g)
8. K to R sq	Kt to B 3	22. P to B 4	P to B 3
9. B to Q 3	Castles Kt R	23. P takes P	P takes P
10. Q to K sq	B takes Kt	24. B to K 5	B to K 2
11. P takes B	P takes P	25. K R to Kt sq Q R to B 3	Q R to K B sq
12. P takes P (d)	Q R to Kt sq	26. K R to Kt 3	Q R to K B 3
13. Q to Kt 3	K to R sq	27. Kt to K 4 and wins (h)	
14. P to Q R 4	P to Q R 3 (e)		

(a) Although this move is considered best by so distinguished an authority as Mr. Boden, yet we prefer P to Q 4.

(b) Kt to Q B 3 is the proper course here.

(c) This enabled White probably to get the kind of game he wished for; but P takes P would have given him an immediate advantage, thus—

WHITE.	BLACK.
5. B takes P (ch)	P takes P
6. B takes B P (ch)	K moves.

(d) White, no doubt, took thus with P, in order to open up a short road for the Q R to the King's side.

(e) Useless; but it is difficult to discover any mode by which he can get his pieces into battle array.

(f) This loses a pawn, but still is by no means a bad move, inasmuch as it enables Black to weaken, if not neutralise for a time, the action of the aggressive Bishops.

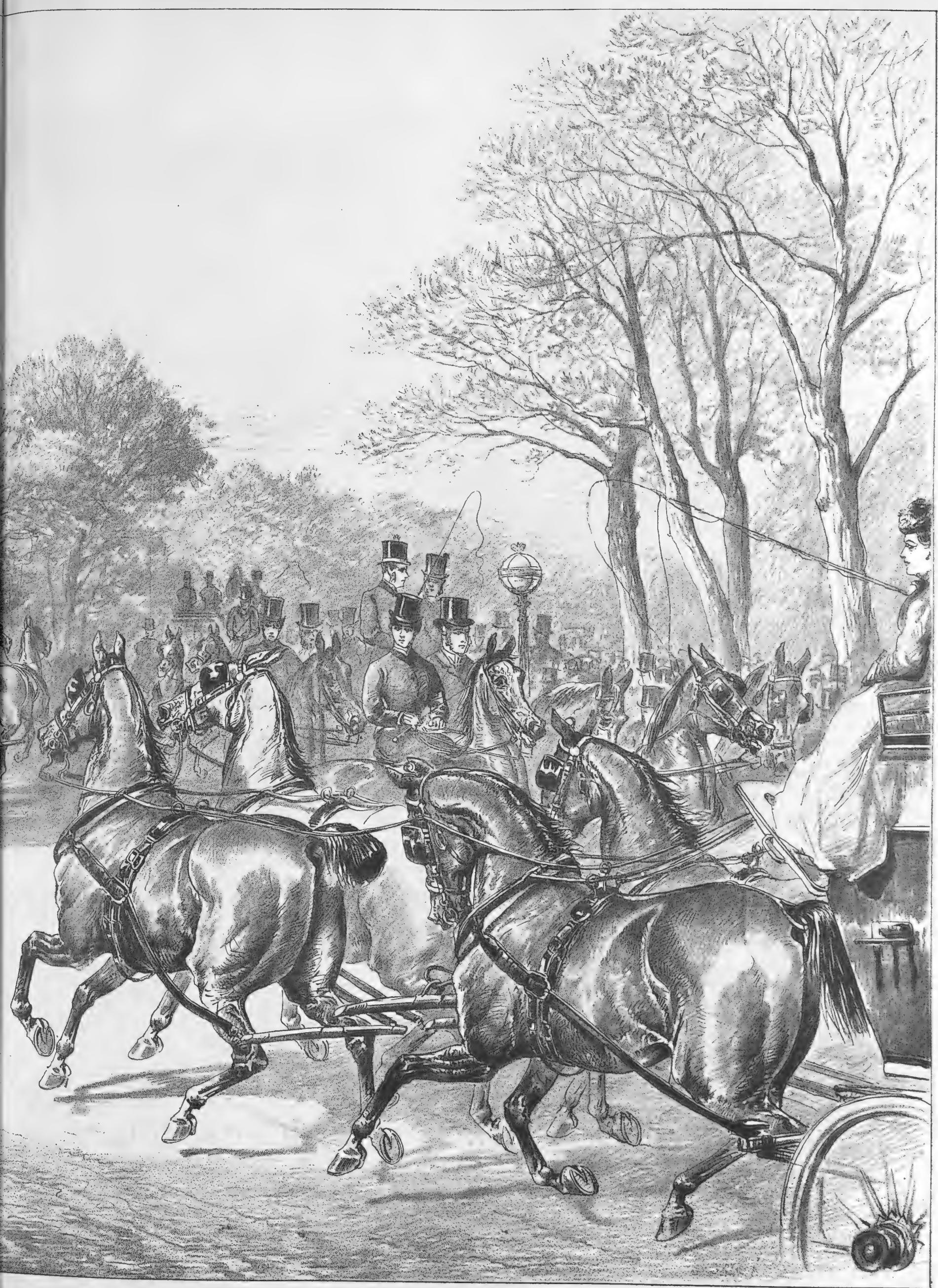
(g) Weak; Q to R 7 would have given him a freer and more lively game; but White would still have maintained a superior position by taking Kt with R.

(h) If P takes B White wins by playing B to B 4.

THE following game is specially interesting



MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND



REVIEWS.

Sweet Sleep. A Course of Reading Calculated to Promote that Delightful Enjoyment. By CHARLES J. DUNPHIE, author of "Wildfire," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers, 8, Catherine-street, Strand, 1879.

In the first place we have to find fault with Mr. Dunphie's title and to accuse him of deliberately misleading us of malice prepense. We have tried the prescription, and emphatically pronounce it a gross and arrant failure. The book is a great deal too full of quaint fancies and diverting incidents to permit the reader any indulgence in that enjoyment which the author professes an anxiety to promote. But Mr. Dunphie has a habit of looking at what may be called the other side of things. It is his delight to make an apparently preposterous statement, and then with close logic, wherein few slips can be detected, to argue the matter from his point of view; and as to a natural wit and ready fancy he adds a treasury of knowledge, gained in odd corners and between the covers of dust-laden books which few but himself would have opened, his professions on the subject of "Sweet Sleep" must be dismissed with scorn.

The titles of certain essays in this book will bear out what has been said above concerning Mr. Dunphie's habit. In the table of contents may be found essays "On the Delights of Rainy Weather," "The Pleasures of Poverty," "The Sinfulness of Economy," "The Absurdity of Constancy," "The Delights of the English Climate," and, rather a comprehensive subject to sum up in a dozen pages, "On the Unimportance of Everything." The philosopher, indeed, regrets the last stage of his development, and one of his papers is on the miseries which have resulted therefrom. As a baboon, he thinks he might have been happy. In the end he breaks into verse.

A-running up and down of trees,
A-swinging by my tail,
A-rocking in the pleasant breeze
From boughs that brave the gale:
Thus had I lived, devoid of pain,
Unmindful, too, of love,
Had I but undevolved lain
On Afric's sunny shore.
Nor ladies, nor their legal men
Would then have made me smart.
No Breach of Promise trial then
Had terrified my heart.
No Christmas bills had spoiled my glee
And made my pleasure fly.
Oh, why did you develop me?
Say, Doctor Darwin, why?

In a moment of content, however, the philosopher changes his tune, and boldly propounds the question, "What's the hoods, as long as you're 'appy?'" In this mood thus he sings:

I.
Whether you live in an alley dark,
With not half enough to eat;
Or rent a mansion in Regent's Park,
And feast on savoury meat;
Whether you're clad in the clothes of Poole,
Or ragged as scarecrows be—
What's the hoods, as long as you're 'appy?
O goodness gracious me!

II.
Whether you loll in a gaudy chaise,
Mid "Swells" of a haughty stamp;
Or trudge on foot through the muddy ways,
A shoeless, shirtless scamp;
Whether you're wise as Minerva's owl,
Or don't know your A B C—
What's the hoods, as long as you're 'appy?
O goodness gracious me!

III.
Whether your wife is an angel sweet,
With a voice like a seraph's song;
Or an arrant shrew, with tongue fierce and fleet;
Who nags at you all day long;
Whether you live like two turtle-doves,
Or perpetually disagree—
What's the hoods, as long as you're 'appy?
O goodness gracious me!

IV.
Whether you're bent like a horse's shoe,
Or straight as the poplar's sticks;
Whether you stand at six foot two,
Or only at two foot six;
Whether you're handsome as Digby Grand,
Or plain as the Manhatee—
What's the hoods, as long as you're 'appy?
O goodness gracious me!

V.
O goodness gracious me, my dears!
No longer with Fortune fight;
Twill be all the same in a hundred years.
As the ancient sages write.
And whether you're poor as your hungry bard,
Or rich as the boundless sea—
What's the hoods, as long as you're 'appy?
O goodness gracious me!

As the dramatic critic (the art critic also) of the *Morning Post* Mr. Dunphie is an authority on "Playhouse Bothers," and writes on them feelingly, though having quoted so much we must refer readers to the volume itself for details. That the author is a scholar as well as a wit is evident by his exceedingly graceful translations of English into Latin verse. There are very few writers of the present day who could turn out such neat Latin verses as, for example, Mr. Dunphie's translation of Sir John Suckling's "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?"

It will be seen—we cannot resist the temptation of quoting the first two stanzas—that the rhyme and rhythm of the original are admirably maintained. Everybody must know the old song, but lest they should forget a word or phrase to the detriment of comparison with the Latin version, we give both languages.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?
Quare tristis es, Amator?
Quare tristis es?
Si non risu hoc flectatur
Quid, incipe, dies!
Quare tristis es?
Quare mutus, dolorose,
Quare mutus sic?
Vox nil valet, lacrimose?
Cur tu taces? Dic.
Quare mutus sic?

The author modestly heads the Latin song "in distant imitation of the foregoing," but we think it will be acknowledged that the translation is as close as it is smooth and accurate.

We linger over many pages of "Sweet Sleep," and find much that it would be interesting to discuss. There are several things we should like to argue out with Mr. Dunphie, who has a knack of making friends with his reader in a very genial and kindly manner. But stern considerations of space forbid, and we can only conclude by thanking the author for a highly diverting and an exceedingly clever volume.

These are busy days, and literature is too much neglected. Next time the reader has a little leisure for books, however, we cordially advise him to take up "Sweet Sleep." A more pleasant companion it would be hard to find. Only we must warn him not to place the slightest faith in Mr. Dunphie's title.

Feuds : A Novel in Verse, and other Tales. By W. A. CHANDLER. London: E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria-lane, E.C., 1879.

Feuds is a short story in verse, dealing with the love affairs of Clementina Smith, whose father owned a Liberal daily paper, and

Had vowed that none the nuptial knot should fix,
Except a Liberal in politics.

The paternal Smith, unlike some other proprietors of quasi-Liberal papers, believed in the doctrines he promulgated.

Whene'er through London's lengthy streets he roamed,
And viewed a priest, he literally foamed,
And tore his hair, and shook a futile fist,

And looked a quite illiberal journalist.

Clementina is, of course, loved by a Tory named Brown, who is indeed not only a Tory himself, but the cause of Toryism in others, as the son of a man who owns a Conservative paper; and finally Brown marries the heroine. The story is decidedly clever and amusing. There are a few other sets of verses, of which we like best "Reviewing." Acritic has loved the unknown author of books he has warmly praised; but she turns out to be forty-five and married. He falls in love with a charming girl and declares his love, but she it appears is the hitherto unknown author of novels he has bitterly satirised. She promises to accept him if he will alter his opinion of her next ten novels. The poem—of which the idea is a great deal better than the execution—is written when he is half way through his task.

The Shakespeare Key : Unlocking the Treasures of his Style, Elucidating the Peculiarities of his Construction, and Displaying the Beauties of his Expression ; forming a companion to "The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare." By CHARLES and MARY COWDEN CLARKE. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 188, Fleet-street.

Yet another book on Shakespeare, and that a goodly one. The type is small, the lines are close, and the number of pages is 810. In its present form, moreover, it has been considerably abbreviated. Since it was originally finished Charles Cowden Clarke, to whom lovers of Shakespeare owe so much, passed away.

"The work," Mrs. Clarke says in her preface, "was written happily together. After it was finished, Illness—Death—set their iron hands against its production in print. While it lay thus chained in manuscript, an extremely comprehensive Lexicon was brought out, which included many verbal points discussed in our work; and I resolved to sacrifice these points, amounting to no fewer than 639 pages of written labour. I also condensed much matter, which incurred fresh toil. But the result of this extra care bestowed upon our work has had the effect, I trust and believe, of rendering it more usefully valuable to its readers as a work of reference strictly to Shakespeare's style."

We will not profess to have read the voluminous matter which remains. The work, indeed, is less for reading than for reference. But a very few glances here and there show the care with which it has been compiled, and, we may add, the loving care which Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke have bestowed upon all their previous Shakespearian works. One among several other interesting chapters is that on "Power in Writing Silence ; and perfect impression though imperfect expression":—

"Shakespeare, among his other vast gifts and resources in dramatic art, has shown an admirable power of indicating silence in certain of his characters, by the comment upon their abstinence from speech which he has put into the mouths of other characters. When Hermione descends from the pedestal where she has impersonated a statue of herself, she utters no word. Not only is her heart suffocating with unutterable emotions in this moment of restoration to life and love after a sixteen years' self-imposed seclusion and silence, but she is exactly the woman to give no other than mute token of reconciliation when she throws herself into her husband's arms, and forgives him the injustice he once did her. Her reticence is thus marked, by the comment of others:—

Leontes (Embracing her). Oh, she's warm!

If this be magic, let it be an art

Lawful as eating.

Polyxenes. She embraces him.

Camillo. She hangs about his neck.—W. T., v. 3.

"Perdita's reticent dignity of soul (inherited from her mother)

as well as her innate love of truth and candid nature, are well

indicated by her maintaining silence while Polixenes rebukes his son and reproaches her, and again while Leontes receives her and Florizel, who relates a feigned history of themselves.

"In the following passage Macduff's silent anguish is forcibly depicted by making Malcolm first exclaim at the horror of Rosse's tidings, and then turn to the bereaved husband and father, who is unable to utter a syllable on the first shock of hearing them:—

Malcolm.
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brow;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.—Macb., iv. 3.

I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peacock-time; but an honest and true-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.—2 H. IV., ii. 4.

An' twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.—Coriol., ii. 3.

He had sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.—

He had so; looking as it were,—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.—Ibid., iv. 5.

The plays are, indeed, examined from almost every possible point of view, the authors treating the grammatical and the poetical with equal keenness and consideration. The extracts given may, to some extent, give an idea of the nature of the book, which is certainly a volume that should figure in every well-chosen library of Shakespearian literature.

Macmillan's Magazine is full of interesting matter, and contains further instalments of its two excellent serial stories, "Haworth's" and "A Doubting Heart." The third portion of the papers on "Burns's Unpublished Common-Place Book" abounds with anecdotes and incidental subjects of the most picturesque description. An article on "The Charity Organisation Society" is one which, in the interests of true charity, should be widely read. In some remarks on "The Chances of English Opera" its author writes:—

"Mr. Rosa's successful season at Her Majesty's Theatre has brought the question of the permanent establishment of English opera in London into the foreground once again. Thoughtful musicians and amateurs ask themselves, 'Why should not we have an opera in our own tongue, sung more or less by our own people, and produced at least in reasonable proportion by our own poets and composers; such as the French and Germans, and even the Hungarians and Danes, have had for years?' The late operatic season has proved two things:—First, that singers English born, and partly at least English-trained, are quite able to do justice to some of the most difficult works of the international repertoire; and, second, that under an intelligent and enterprising management English opera need by no means spell 'Ruin.' By these two facts the chance of future and of permanent success may be considered safely established; but intelligence and enterprise are not alone sufficient to account for a success which is in strong contrast with the anything but brilliant results of previous seasons at the Lyceum and the Adelphi. The causes of this change must be looked for elsewhere, and it is of these causes, considered from a broadly historic point of view, that the present article is intended to treat.

"The most superficial observer of social and artistic matters in London cannot but have noticed the change which has of late years come over the spirit in which music is listened to and practised by English amateurs. Not only does the interest taken in it exceed that granted to all the other arts in conjunction, but the character of this interest itself is becoming more and more divested of the attributes of a fashionable pastime. A glance at the crowds which assemble to listen to Beethoven's quartets at St. James's Hall, and to his symphonies at the Crystal Palace, would be alone sufficient to establish the point. And in equal measure as the taste of our audiences has become more serious and refined it has also broadened in scope. The exclusive admiration of Handel and Mendelssohn, on the one hand, and of the school 'of the future,' on the other, is gradually being merged in an intelligent appreciation of all good music to whatever school or country it may belong. But there are other signs of the times, if possible, still more important. A glance at the rise which the national development of music has of late taken in such remote countries as Russia and Norway, and the applause which the works of Tschaikoffski, of Grieg, and Svendsen, have met with all over Europe, naturally awaken the desire that England also should occupy her proper place among musical nations, and it has been justly recognised that, for that purpose, it is necessary not only to give due encouragement to the native talent already in existence, but also to prepare a healthy and congenial atmosphere for that yet to come. In this sense the agitation for a great central school of music after the pattern of the Paris Conservatoire is one of the most hopeful signs of the musical reawakening in England."

THE entries for the Islington horse-show, which opens this day (Saturday), are now complete, and in point of numbers exceed any former exhibition held at the Agricultural Hall. Their Royal Highesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have already signified their intention of honouring the show with their presence, the Prince himself being an exhibitor in the class for hunters, though, as usual, he does not compete. Profiting by the experience of previous years, the management intend to make numerous alterations in the stall arrangements that are expected to add to the comfort of visitors and secure a better display of the animals. The hurdle-jumping and the water-leap in the ring will be carried out with some modifications, by which it is hoped that the accidents which have marred the shows of previous years may be avoided. Every effort has been made to secure a thoroughly good exhibition of saddlery, harness, and carriages, prizes for which have been offered for excellence. This has already resulted in a willing co-operation among many leading manufacturers, some novelties which will attract attention being carriages built upon an entirely new principle by Messrs. Morgan and Co. The galleries will, as usual, be occupied by various objects of interest. The judges, with the exception of Lord Falmouth, will be the same as last year.

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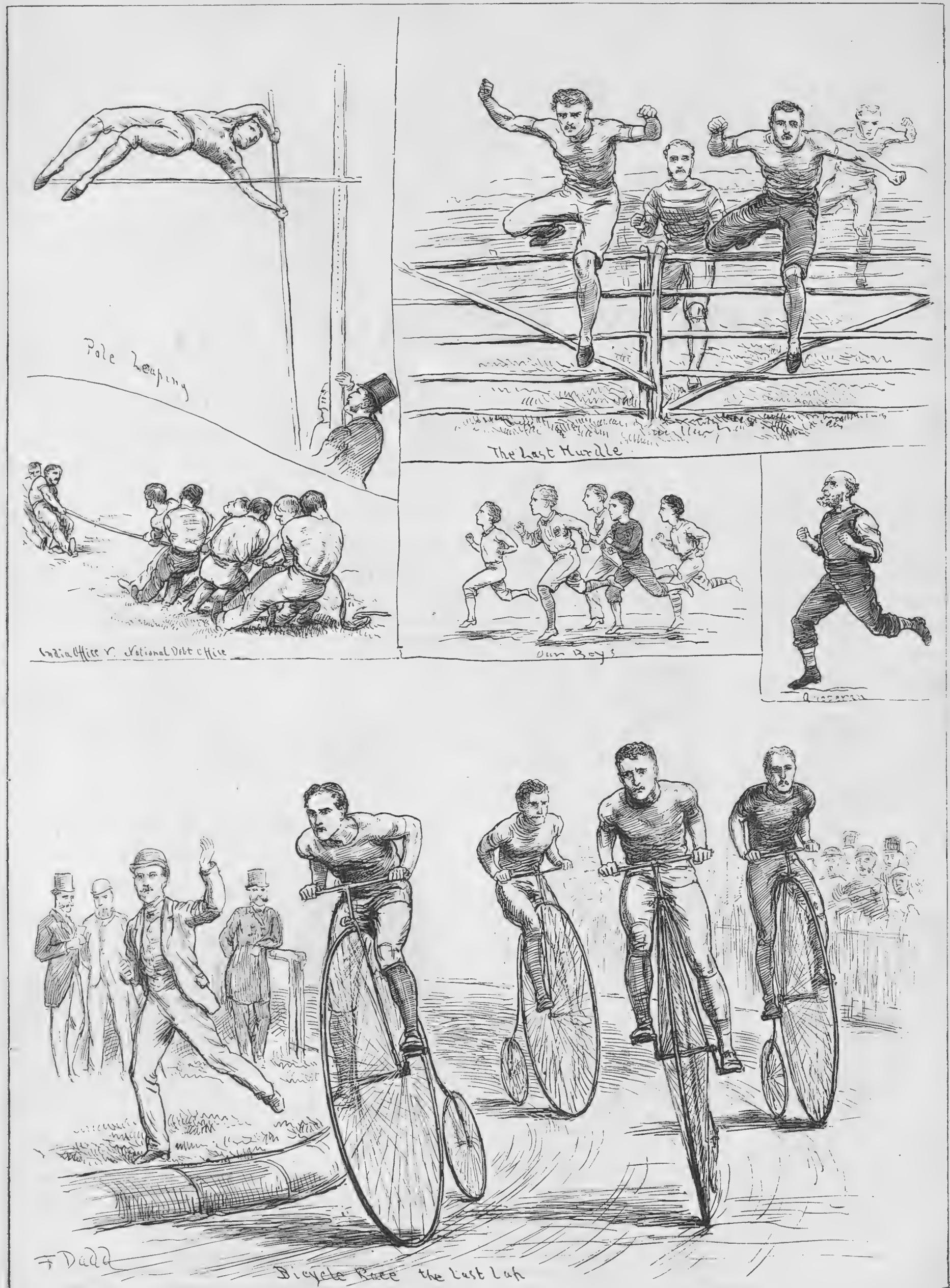
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OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

I suppose everyone who could wade, swim, or sail went down to Epsom on Wednesday to observe the aquatics of the great national horse-race. Americans are having a very fine time at dear old England's expense, with their patent bad weather sent over by telegraph, or in potted meat tins, or whatever means



CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK BEFORE THE DERBY.

they have of conveying the inevitable "Bad weather and much rain may be expected throughout all parts of England during the month." One has been in the habit of looking forward to going to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race in a sledge, or attending Spring Meetings at Sandown on skates, but we should scarcely be asked to go to the Derby in a boat! It is all those



Miss C. Grahame as Leonie.

Americans. You will see, when things get a little worse they will begin to comfort us with cheap umbrellas and mackintoshes "patent corpse driers," and "waterproof hair dye." The ragged remnants of Orientalism who squatted themselves on the heath the night before the race must have had a lively time. During several of the silent watches of the night I woke to hear "the rain upon the roof," and on the road, and down the chimney, and every-

where. I thought of the Gipsy queens trying to wring their poor finery dry in time for the advent of "my pretty gentleman and the sweet lady," whose fortune they make such a contrast to their own conditions. I sighed and sorrowed, slept and snored over these still wandering Children of Israel until it was time to get up and tap the broad face of that smiling piece of mendacity, the weather-glass. Years ago (I won't tell you how many) I would have spent a Derby eve of such a tempestuous nature in wakeful agony about my new white fluffy hat with the green veil, and my gossamer dust coat. Now my wakefulness and grief is divided betwixt a handful of Gipsies and the gout! Notwithstanding the patent American weather, I got into what Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, the novelist, so aptly termed a "gondola of the London streets," and stemmed the torrent from here to Epsom. Fancy anyone at this time of day sitting down in hot blood, or cold blood, or no blood at all, and writing an account of "THE ROAD DOWN TO THE DERBY" perish the thought. That eminent divine, Mr. Charles Voysey, has in his version of the Litany a prayer for pressmen; in the well-known Established Church book known as "Hymns Ancient and Modern" there is "a prayer for those at sea." Seriously I think men who have year after year to pen descriptions of such scenes and occurrences as "Down to the Derby by Road," "On the Downs," &c., ought to be prayed for just as much as any others who undergo hardships. After this, I am sure you will have set your mind at rest that I will not inflict much of my descriptive powers upon you. Looking at the people assembled on the Downs of Epsom to witness the Derby of May



Mrs. Kendal as the Countess.

28th, in the year of Grace 1879, I marvelled exceedingly how and where all these good people go and "finish the evening" when they get back to town?—where is my Lord Rackett to end the day?—and the rest of them in their motley variety of the same thing, down to 'Arry with his copper imitation of my Lord Rackett's golden wickedness, what on earth are they to do? Every place is shut that used to be identified with "the night of the Derby." Jos Sedley, with his "diddle-diddle-darling" Rebecca Sharp, at Vauxhall Gardens, is no more a thing of the past than the young bloods, who a short time ago disported themselves at Cremorne. The only remnant of Cremorne left is a few sickly trees, one broken statue, and the cab-rank (except, of course, the counterfeit presentment of the glorious garden of wickedness given nightly at the Duke's Theatre in *New Babylon*). Even the Surrey Gardens are not available, and the late lamented A—r—yl R—ms; well, we all know the bitter fate of Mr. R—bt B—g—n—l's little dancing academy. The North Woolwich Gardens and Rosherville are too far down the river to go to. Ah, me! all the glory of Derby night is gone. Next year, if I live till Derby Day, I think I will take a rod and line to some quiet place on the river, and Isaac Waltonize. On the occasion of my present dissertation, I went home and dined quietly, as though the Derby had never been run, and then hied me to the Court Theatre to mix with a highly-polished audience and witness a highly-polished performance of *The Ladies' Battl*. I have gone on twaddling now until I have no

room left to say anything about it, save that it was as complete as performances under the guidance of Mr. Hare always are; that Mrs. Kendal played the Countess d'Autreval with great dignity and subdued power, that Miss C. Grahame was



CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK AFTER THE DERBY.

charmingly naïve as Leonie, and that Mr. Hare, Mr. W. Herbert, and Mr. Kendal were all equally good. The comedy was followed by *Uncle's Will*, in which the Kendals are so excellent. I was somewhat chafed by the highly-polished people in



Mr. Hare as the Baron Montrichard.

the audience agitating to get out long before the curtain fell on this charming comedietta, a piece of rudeness that the lady and gentleman upon the stage must have felt. Fancy being in a hurry to get home at eleven o'clock—on Derby night, too!

THE Prince of Wales has taken Cowarth Park, Sunningside, within a short drive of the course, the residence of Mr. W. Arbuthnot, for the Ascot week.

MR. HORATIO ROSS reports very favourably of grouse prospects this autumn. Sport, he says, will be better than for many years. As for deer, they are looking well, but he does not expect many fine heads.

THE DRAMA.

CRITERION THEATRE.

A new farcical comedy, called *Campaigning*, was produced at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday afternoon. The plot, which is of the slightest, is founded on a weak endeavour on the part of two old foeges to create a mutiny in the boarding-house where they reside. One of the conspirators, Mr. Parsons, is the husband of an irascible lady who has made the experiment of adding to a reduced income by making her pretty villa in the Isle of Wight a home for anyone who chooses to pay for the accommodation. A certain Mr. Crump is one of the inmates, and he acts as Mr. Parsons' confederate in the matter. The two old men conclude that if they make the other boarders quarrel the field will be left to themselves. Their machinations do not clear the house, but they manage to separate a pair of lovers for a short period. A widow with a past, and a susceptible poet, are the most interesting of Mrs. Parsons' visitors, and Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's clever representation of the last-named character probably saved the piece from immediate failure. His gruesome countenance and lackadaisical assumption of the poetic mood created genuine amusement at a time when the audience was beginning to be considerably bored by the play. In the course of a picnic he induces the widow (Mrs. Bernard-Beere) to write out a sonnet for him, by expressing a longing for some beautiful woman to act as his amanuensis. The author does not seem to have perceived the absurdity of making the lady respond to this longing by offering to fill up the void. So the "beautiful woman" writes the sonnet, and by so doing is misjudged by Captain Dixon, the man to whom she is engaged. Anything like a plot ends in a general explanation, and most of the boarders scatter themselves quite independently of the old conspirators. It is difficult to believe it possible that such a number of imbecile persons could have contrived to join forces otherwise than in Earlswood, or some such place of restraint; but if they are to meet and talk drivell, the critic would entreat them to choose some other *locale* than the Criterion Theatre on one of the rare afternoons of sunshine and spring weather that has been accorded to us this year. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's quaint humour and Mrs. Bernard-Beere's painstaking efforts failed to make a success of a singularly foolish and feeble play.

GAIETY THEATRE.

Mr. Arthur Sketchley played Falstaff in a selection from Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* at the Gaiety Theatre last Saturday afternoon, according to promise, and it may be said that the high expectations formed of the impersonation were fulfilled. Nature has done much to fit Mr. Sketchley for the part of the fat knight, for he is portly and seemingly somewhat short of wind. He can play it like Stephen Kemble without padding, and when we add that he has evidently studied the role with affectionate care, and that his reading of it is a most intelligent one, it will be seen that here at last is a Falstaff worthy of a warm welcome. Mr. Sketchley is particularly happy in portraying one side of Falstaff's character which is generally lost sight of by ordinary actors. Just as Stothard did in his pictures, Mr. Sketchley makes Falstaff a gentleman. He may drink, steal purses, swagger exceedingly, and tell outrageous lies, but he is for all that the companion of a prince, and, as an old commentator points out, he has to be a man of "so alluring a cast, as should tempt even royalty to forget itself and virtue to turn reveller in his company." We note the following, as, perhaps, the happiest touches in a highly satisfactory representation. Nothing could be more genuine than the pathos with which Mr. Sketchley said "Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough." Then, again, when the Prince bids him lie down, the answer, "Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down," was admirably delivered. Very emphatic was "a plague of all cowards" in the Boar's Head, and the look of indignation on Falstaff's face was a study. There might, by the way, have been more made of the knight's description of the knaves in buckram; the lies were hardly told with sufficient rollicking humour. Here and there, indeed, the same kind of shortcoming was apparent throughout the whole of the representation. Mr. Sketchley seemed fearful of giving full vent to his animal spirits and to his humour. Whether it was that he was afraid of lapsing into the immortal Martha, or that he was desirous above all things of consistency in his delineation of Falstaff, our only fault with it was that he might with advantage have been more unctuous, have abandoned himself with more freedom to the whim of the moment. At the same time, it is only fair to remember that this was a first performance, and that the actor might reasonably be excused for being a little nervous. Repetitions of the part will doubtless give Mr. Sketchley more confidence, and when he gains that he will no doubt fill in more the admirable outline with which he presented us on Saturday. Mr. Sketchley was fairly supported. Mr. Barnes was a dashing Prince Henry, and Mr. Maclean played the King admirably. We have seldom seen a better Bardolph than Mr. McIntyre, and the way in which he followed the knight's narrative of his prowess to the Prince, in dumb show, was exceedingly humorous. Mr. Fawcett was a satisfactory Poins, and Mrs. Leigh, as may be imagined, an excellent Mrs. Quickly. The performance was received with much applause.

The Shakespearian selection was preceded by *Uncle's Will*, played by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Chevalier. The little piece goes capitally, but Mr. and Mrs. Kendal should guard themselves against over-acting it, and so emphasising the rude repartees of the lovers who quarrel, as to make it clear that such a scene could never have taken place between a lady and a gentleman. Miss Rose Kenny recited an English version of "The Curse of Corneille," from "Les Horaces" of Corneille, between the pieces.

FOLLY THEATRE.

While Madame Dolaro is resting and preparing a new opera, Mr. Hayes occupies the Folly, and has produced *The Love Chase*. The part of Constance is assigned to Mrs. Bernard-Beere, an actress who, like King Charles in Mr. Dick's memorial, seems always to be turning up in unexpected places. She plays the part without distinction, and the famous speech wherein she describes the pleasures of the chase was delivered in a cold and artificial manner, as if she was repeating a lesson in elocution. Mr. Billington was fairly at home as Master Wildrake, Mr. W. H. Stephens gave a conventional rendering of Sir William Fondlove, and Mr. Lin Rayne was a thoroughly competent Master Waller. Mrs. Leigh Murray exhibited her sound art in the part of the Widow Green, and showed how much she has learned; while Miss Compton, as Lydia, showed how much she has to learn if, indeed, she can ever rid herself of affectation. Messrs. J. C. Buckstone, Mackenzie, and Mdlles. Weston, Grey, and Webb played other parts, and *The Love Chase* was received with considerable applause. We should, however, advise Mr. Hayes to provide a lighter entertainment for such a theatre—a modern comedy, for instance, with a bright burlesque after it, should draw good audiences to the pretty little Folly.

The Prince of Wales's opens with its summer programme, *Sweethearts* and *Good for Nothing*, this evening.

Mother, a new drama, will be played at the Olympia by Mr. Frank Harvey's company to-night, for the first time in London. It is, of course, taken from the French.

On Whit-Monday the French plays commence at the Gaiety, and Mr. Mayer has kindly compiled a little book with all the plots neatly summarised for the benefit of visitors.

Drink, Mr. Charles Reade's version of *L'Assommoir*, and a very rowdy title it is, will be given at the Princess's on Monday.

The next novelty at the Aquarium will be the *Beaux Stratagem*. A good idea.

On Thursday, June 5, there will be a morning performance of *Retribution*, a drama in four acts, at the Olympic. Messrs. Vezin, Wigan, Robertson; Miss Vandenhoff, and a Miss Hida Hilton will appear in it.

During June, *Eugene Aram*, *Louis XI.*, *Richelieu*, and *Charles I.* will be revived, each play for a few nights, at the Lyceum, which will be hard work for Miss Ellen Terry. Mr. Irving has, of course, played in them all before.

Frou-Frou is in rehearsal at the Haymarket, when Miss Eastlake will play the heroine—a rather rash proceeding perhaps at this particular moment. Meanwhile, playgoers who have never seen *The Crisis* should not lose the present opportunity.

The good people of Sunderland were deprived of a treat, last week, in missing a chance of seeing Mr. Charles Collette in some of his most popular characters. It seems that Mr. Elton, who is supposed to be supporting Mr. Collette with his company, by some mismanagement failed to bring his troupe to the above town. Mr. Collette is, however, now appearing in Birmingham, where he is a great favourite, supported by Mr. Charles Langley and Miss Alice Grey.

On the 22nd inst., and during the absence of Miss Richards through indisposition, Miss Myra Holme played her part in *Our Girls* at the Vaudeville with admirable effect.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Les Amants de Vérona, a five-act opera written and composed by the Marquis D'Ivry, was produced in an Italian dress at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday last, for the first time in this country. The plot so closely adheres to that of the Shakespearean tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, on which the opera is founded, that it is unnecessary to give an account of it. Respecting the music some observations may be made, and in discharging this task we are desirous to show the most indulgent consideration for the first work of an amateur composer, who must have worked hard in order to acquire the technical knowledge of which he is evidently master.

Act 1, after a brief orchestral prelude, opens with a chorus and dance by the guests of Capulet, and is tuneful and lively. In the succeeding scene between Juliet, Capulet, and the Nurse relief is given by the orchestration, and the "virelai" which accompanies the singers is characteristic and effective. The couplets in which Mercutio banters Romeo are weak. The trio between Juliet, the Nurse, and Romeo contains a charming passage for Juliet, but is otherwise uninteresting. The finale of the act is full of variety, and contains some melodious dance music, but is not dramatically strong.

Act 2 commences with a tuneful but commonplace chorus sung behind the scenes, with solo passages for Juliet, who is at the open window of her chamber. The "balcony duet," which follows, for Romeo and Juliet, unavoidably suggests comparisons with the well-known work of M. Gounod, and it must be owned that the latter is worthier of admiration. The duet contains some eloquent passages, but lacks sustained power and spontaneity of melody. The air of the Friar Lorenzo is equally deficient in originality, and the trio between the Friar, Romeo, and Juliet is a weak termination of the act.

Act 3 opens with another "choeur dansé" containing some melodious phrases. The succeeding couplets for Mercutio (with choral accompaniment) are ineffective. Next comes a chorus of little musical importance, and this is followed by a grand cavatina for Romeo. In this, the composer has occasionally reached a higher elevation than usual, and the cavatina contains passages which are heard with pleasure. The ensemble between the Nurse, Romeo, Mercutio, and the Montagues is spirited and effective. The finale of the act derives interest from the dramatic situation; the combats between Mercutio and Tybalt, and between the latter and Romeo; the banishment of Romeo, &c., but is not highly meritorious in a musical sense. The music is deficient in individuality of character, and in the "tutti" passages nearly all the personages, except Romeo, sing the same words, although actuated by differing feelings. The harmony is weak, and although there is no lack of noise, "tant de bruit" produces "peut de fruit." The concluding solo passage for Juliet is pathetic and attractive.

Act 4 opens with a short solo for Juliet, followed by the "parting duet" sung by her and Romeo. If in this duet the composer has failed to reach the height of the occasion, and has seldom caught inspiration from his inspiring theme, he has at least written a graceful and appropriate *moreau*. The duet fails most where it should have been most effective—in the passage where Juliet tells her lover that it is not yet day, although he declares that—

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

The commonplace phrases which are here given to Juliet, and afterwards to Romeo, have little in common with the passionate tenderness of Shakespeare's exquisite poetry. After some scenes of little musical importance, including mere trivial couplets for the Nurse, and a weak Bridal Chorus, comes Juliet's solo, in which she meditates on the possible effects of the opiate she is about to take. The music is dramatic, and the scene forms an effective climax to the act.

Act 5 contains a solo for Romeo at the tomb of Juliet. A melancholy phrase in B minor occurs often, but awakens no sympathy because too familiar. The act concludes with a duet between Romeo and Juliet, in which the dramatic situation is carefully illustrated, but in which there is a sad deficiency of musical inspiration.

With every desire to speak kindly of a new work by a beginner, we are bound to say that *Les Amants de Vérona* is too weak to hold a permanent place on the lyric stage. It was well executed, and Mdlle. Heilbron's Juliet was an impassioned, sympathetic, and graceful impersonation, worthy of warm praise. M. Capoul, as Romeo, did all that he could to infuse vitality into the dry bones of a thankless part, and Signor Cotogni, Mdlle. Ghiotti, and the other artists included in the cast, exerted themselves zealously. The same may be said of the fine band, skilfully directed by Signor Bevignani; but all was labour in vain, and we have still to wait for music fit to be "married to immortal verse" like that in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Madame Adelina Patti has delighted crowded audiences by

her impersonations of Dinorah and Violetta, on each occasion transposing her principal solos a semitone lower, and on each occasion exhibiting vocal and histrionic powers which place her beyond rivalry. Her first appearance as Zelika in *L'Africaine* will be one of the most interesting events of the season.

Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg resumed the part of Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*, on Monday last, and made a great success, much aided by M. Capoul's picturesque impersonation of the brigand. Signor Ciampi was less liberal than heretofore in the interpolation of English phrases, and his dry comic humour, as Lord Koburg, awakened hearty laughter.

Mdlle. Tuolla has added to her repertory the rôle of Amalia in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. In this she was less successful than in the character of Margherita, in which her first appearance here was made. Nevertheless, she won a considerable success; and although the want of further cultivation was occasionally observable in her vocalisation; she sang and acted with such genuine dramatic intensity, and her fine voice was heard with so much pleasure, that she may be said to have made a further advance in public favour.

In the *Ballo in Maschera*, Madame Scalchi, as Ulrica, struggled hard against the difficulties of music too high for a contralto voice. Madame Smeroschi (Oscar), except when she sang out of tune, sang delightfully. Signor Gayarré, as Riccardo, sang splendidly, and his acting was admirable. M. Maurel's Renato was a highly finished impersonation. No one has ever acted the part with greater dignity and power, and his singing was superb—especially in the pathetic "Eri tu," which was not only encored, but persistently demanded for a third time. The *mise en scène* was splendid, and the opera was ably conducted by Signor Vianesi.

Of *La Traviata*, repeated on Wednesday last, it is only necessary to say that, as the wretched heroine of the opera, Madame Patti made her usual brilliant success, supported by Signor Nicolini (Alfredo) and Signor Graziani (Germont Senior), with Signor Vianesi as conductor.

The next novelty will probably be *L'Africaine*, with Madame Patti as Zelika, and M. Lassalle, principal barytone of the Grand Opera, Paris, as Nelusko. *Faust* will be repeated to-night.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

No fresh additions to the repertory of the season at Her Majesty's Opera have been made during the past week, but it has been by no means uneventful. On Saturday last Madame Etelka Gerster, apparently restored to perfect health, made her *entrée* as Lucia, and on Monday last resumed the rôle of Amina, in which she made her successful first appearance in England. Her voice appears to have gained an increase of power since last season, but has lost nothing of its compass, flexibility, and silvery quality. Her vocalisation has not improved in the same ratio, and the shakes she attempted to make in Amina's first solo were far from satisfactory. Her high staccato notes were as brilliant as ever, and elicited frequent applause. Her acting and singing in the bedroom scene and in the finale of the last act were admirable, and elicited hearty applause from a large and enthusiastic audience. To-night Madame Gerster will appear in one of her best parts—that of Gilda in *Rigoletto*—and now that the public may feel confidence in seeing and hearing her, it may be expected that larger audiences than those of Saturday and Monday last will be attracted.

Madame Christine Nilsson's *entrée* on Tuesday last as Margherita in *Faust* attracted the largest audience of the season, the theatre being completely filled by a brilliant throng, who welcomed the popular favourite with an enthusiasm which had the ring of sincerity. Rather slighter in figure than when last seen on the London stage, Madame Nilsson realised the outward ideal of Goethe's Margaret, and in all the phases of the character her acting was instinct with grace, refinement, and dramatic power. Her delightfully sympathetic voice—especially in the medium and high notes—was as charming as ever, and the only fault observable was a tendency to strain the voice when singing low notes. When thus forced, her voice lost its charm, and it is to be hoped that she will not persevere in cultivating dramatic power at the expense of sympathetic vocal quality. How enthusiastically the great artist was applauded, encored, and recalled it is needless to say. Mmes. Trebelli and Lablache, MM. Campanini, Vaselli, and Foli resumed the parts they had previously filled, and Sir Michael Costa conducted as ably as usual.

Madame Christine Nilsson was announced to appear last night as Elsa in *Lohengrin*, too late for notice this week.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will undertake the rôle of Aida, when Verdi's opera of that name is produced at Her Majesty's Opera in the course of the current season.

Mr. Carl Rosa leaves England to-day for a holiday trip to America and back, taking with him for study, *en voyage*, the scores of certain important works which he intends to produce next season.

The seventh of the excellent Viard-Louis orchestral concerts was given at St. James's Hall last Thursday afternoon, too late for notice this week.

M. Musin's first chamber music concert was given at Steinway Hall on Tuesday last. The programme included a quintett for pianoforte and strings, played by the composer, and MM. Musin, Klein, Alfred Burnett, and Albert. There was little to admire in the quintett, nor in M. Saint Saëns's "variations for two pianos on a theme by Beethoven." The theme appeared to be the first twenty-four bars of the trio in Beethoven's sonata, No. 3, Op. 31, but it was so tortured as to become scarcely recognisable. The pianists were Madame Montigny Rémaury and M. Saint Saëns. Miss Orridge sang Handel's "Chi vive amante," and Mr. F. H. Cowen's song "The Better Land"—ably accompanied by Mr. F. H. Cowen; and the concert concluded with the string quartett in A, by Brahms, which was not well executed. M. Musin is a showy solo-player, but not a successful leader of quartetts. To make matters worse, one of his violin-strings broke, and he had to use another instrument.

The next London season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company will commence—we are enabled to state—in the second week of January next at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. Frederic H. Cowen, the composer, was presented by the Earl of Dudley at the *entrée* held by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on Monday last.

FERRETS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.—In an exhaustive article on this subject, *The Field* says: "A Ferret infested with fleas should be muzzled, and washed carefully with warm water and Naldire's Flea-killing Soap, which is almost instantly fatal to these tiny pests. Washing with this flea soap greatly promotes the health and well-being of the animal by thoroughly cleansing his skin from dirt and impurities. He should be rubbed as dry as possible after the washing process, and placed in a nest of clean straw."—*Naldire's Soap*, price 1s., of all chemists.—[ADVT.]

ANOTHER CURE OF COLD AND SORE THROAT (this week) BY DR. BIRCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Mr. Wilkinson, Chemist, 35, Watson-street, Birkenhead, writes:—"Mr. Ravenscroft, a neighbour of mine, the other day took cold and sore throat, and was quite cured by one box."—Sold at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]

TURFIANA.

THE MARDEN YEARLINGS.

Our readers will not fail to recollect that, in our review of the above string which found a place in these pages not long since, we rather took exception to their too forward condition (in point of flesh), and ventured to notice this shortcoming in the hope that the evil might be stayed before it was past redemption. Though still rather lusty, the Mardenites will now be found harder and lighter than they were a month ago, and therefore more likely to do their breeder credit. Taking them altogether they are a big, well-grown lot, with good bone and substance throughout, and though we are not over fond of gigantic yearlings, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact of most of them being good movers, while their bright health and ready docility are most creditable to Griffiths, who comes of a family of stud grooms, and has evidently profited by the teachings of experience in early life. First, as regards the foreign importations, we may remark that they are now rapidly making up leeway, and that a few weeks will find them "upsides with" their English contemporaries; while there is perhaps greater room for improvement in the Frenchmen, who do not come of early or precocious racing families, nor, indeed, of stock which "show" well in their yearling days. The young Mortemers suggest to a casual observer at first sight the idea of legginess, and narrowness; but as Chamaant was built on these lines we must not be too severe upon such apparent faults in conformation, and we can honestly affirm that the yearlings at Marden by Mortemer have let down and filled out since they crossed the Channel. Perhaps the pick of the bunch will be considered the *Fille de Ciel* colt, a youngster worth looking at; but he is not far ahead of his relative from Poudrière, a sweet chestnut filly, which in her turn just supplants the *Confiance* colt in our estimation, and though Mortemer has not shown us many trump cards this year as yet, the racing feats of Verneuil are still green in our memories, and buyers will not fail to bear in mind that *patientia* must be their motto with the breed, which requires time to ripen and develop. We have seen better specimens of Boiard's stock than his brown filly from Nemea; but the Flageolets are full of character, even though it be at present somewhat more remarkable than taking to the eye of lovers of level neatness and quality. We can only again describe his chestnut colt from Rose of Athol as "Rayon d'Or II," but the *Feu de Joie* colt has not as yet made a start in the matter of development, though both should command good prices after the doughty deeds of Zut in the land of his birth. A Dutch Skater filly from Ribbon fails to fill the eye in the same degree as the produce of the crack sires of Chamaant, but she will be winning her corn bill for whatever stable has the luck to get her while the backward babies are thinking about it; and we may say the same of a sharp, powerful colt by old Vedette from Child of the Mist, and the Macgregor filly out of Green Gown—both, if we mistake not, early birds, and likely to be stripped long before this time next year. To lovers of big "slashing" yearlings (and such would appear to have charms for many) we would indicate the *Donna del Lago* and *Melanie* fillies as types of precocity; while a sister to K.G. and a George Frederick colt from Agnes de Mandelsfelt makes up as long and powerful a quartette as could be selected from (or for) any yearling "team" in the country, but they will bear keeping (like a full-bodied port wine) before showing at their best. Perhaps two of the nicest yearlings about the place are the *Adventurer* filly from *Bianca* (certainly the comeliest of her sex at Marden), and *Cornelia's Wild Oats* colt, though the former is more "made up" than the half-brother to *Bonnie Warden*—both, however, showing sterling good racing points throughout. Of the pair by Scottish Chief we suppose the palm must be awarded to *Casidia's* colt over *Lady Valentine's*; for in addition to being nicer looking, the half-brother to *Charnwood* boasts of better running blood in his veins, and both came out of Mr. Gee's collection. The Carnivals are now deservedly in such request that Mr. Tattersall will have no occasion to look round in vain for bids on account of the Thriftless colt; while his relationship to the once "clinking" Roscius will commend his half-brother by King o' Scots to those fond of following well tried and valuable running blood, and so far Tragedy has done good service at the stud. Nothing about the place looks more like coming early, going fast, and lasting out a good many of her contemporaries than *Nellie Moore's Blair Athel* filly, and though the premier sire of Cobham has been as yet rather "down upon his luck" this season, we are much mistaken if a revival on his part is not close at hand, to which that of Moody and Sankey was a mere nothing. A likely-looking filly, too, is the one by George Frederick out of North Star, by *Adventurer*; while colts by *The Miner* from *Glee Maiden*, and by *Carnival* out of *Miss Bell*, are good average animals; and among others having the recommendation of good blood in addition to many desirable points, are fillies by *Sterling* out of *Carine*, and by *Cremona* out of *Eakring*, the former very powerfully put together "upstairs," and possessing the additional qualification for students of pedigree tables as being sister in blood to *Isonomy*. Mr. Caledon Alexander and Mr. Combe will also dispose of their yearlings at Marden Deer Park, and we have heard good accounts of both these strings, most of the animals comprising them being out of dams of good winners—the surest passport in the world to a high average. If the result of next Saturday's sales are only as satisfactory as last year, all parties are likely to be well satisfied; and, after all, it is something gained to be first in the field, especially in times like the present.

A more wretched day than the Epsom Tuesday could not well be imagined, and comparatively few braved the horrors of that muddy track between stand and paddock; while the ground was holding and sticky enough to upset many a deep calculation based on previous public form. Half a dozen were stripped for the Craven Stakes, in which *Flavius* cut up no better than at Chester, and after Alchemist's success Mr. Beddington must have regretted his precipitancy in striking his handy little Strathern out of the big race of the morrow. For once Archer's followers got well on their favourite in the Maiden Plate, the despised Spitzberg bowling over the dead-heaters *Tulach Ard* and *Tempe*; but the competitors were not a very grand lot, and Berceauette gives but faint promise of emulating the deeds of her brother Ecossais. In the Epsom Summer Handicap we saw the *Rosebery* jacket second (for the third time) on *Rodotto*, *Chippendale* just catching him on the post, while *Rhidorroch* was the other runner up. The *eau de Nil* jacket and crimson belt of Lord Hastings were sported on the good-looking and useful *Breadfnder*, but the weight and ground were too much for him, as they were for his lordship's grand-looking two-year-old, *Fire King*, in the Woodcote Stakes, which brought out some very promising youngsters. *Maraschino* looked riper and fitter than at the Spring Meeting, but still he is a narrowish nag, and there was nothing in finer condition than *Sabella*, who skinned over the deep ground like a swallow, and gladdened the heart of the manager at Cobham when he thought of her own brother, the very image of *Blair Athel*, contentedly eating his corn at home. *Melfort* is a wiry, bloodlike, but rather light-fleshed colt, likely to perform better on the top of the ground, while *Preston Pans* has fine scope and length,

like most of his sire's stock. *Alberta Victoria*, *The Abbot*, and *Marc Antony* all gave satisfaction, and no better looking field has turned out to do battle for the Woodcote for many years. The Ashtead Stakes fell to *Playfellow*, who got well off, and held a good position throughout, *Linden* and *Oxonian* being his attendants home, and the young *Broomielaw* realised 570 guineas, thus leaving a handsome surplus for division. Another large field came out for the Egmont Plate, but nothing looked or went like *Hackthorpe*, who promises to ripen into a racehorse of the Lollypop or *Trappist* type, and *Archer* had nothing to do but to sit still, *Merry Heart* and *Carnethy* being second and third on sufferance only. *Financier* beat *Nutboy* in the Omnium Plate, thus bringing to a welcome close one of the most uncomfortable day's racing ever experienced, and even the Derby betting seemed to take its tone from the weather, being dull, stale, and flat, while bookmakers enlarged their offers on the field, the state of the ground favouring the increasing conviction of the very open character of the race, and none of the owners of favourites being apparently sanguine, while rumours were rife of unsatisfactory trials in several quarters.

Though the ground was sticky and holding to a degree on the Derby day, the rain kindly held off, while the air was sufficiently spring-like and warm to set us thinking on the advent of summer, so long delayed in *transitu* across the Atlantic. The foot people seemed to be as numerous as ever, but not so the carriages, only a mere sprinkling of which took up positions on the hill, while the rails were not nearly so well patronised as usual, and there were fewer ladies present than on many past anniversaries. While *Archer* was giving the crowd a just taste of his skill by landing *Sign Manual* a winner in the Bentinck Welter Handicap, the paddock was rapidly filling, though we have seen larger attendances in that welcome retreat from the rowdyism of the course. The natty little *Cadogan* was first to show, and was much admired as he strode round and round, being in the very pink of condition, though it must be confessed that he did not look quite as if he were cut out for the tough job before him. Still, he had a huge following, both literally and metaphorically speaking, and for a while the commoner, *Whackum*, was the only counter attraction; but the entrance of the Frenchmen soon set the mob surging in another direction, far above their heads being described the giraffe-like neck of *Rayon d'Or*, not one whit altered or improved since last year, though his legs are marvels of toughness and soundness, and surely no trainer ever had finer material to work upon. There is a good deal of Verneuil's cut about *Zut*, especially as regards his quarters and middle-piece, but he is hardly so good in front, his forelegs inclining to be "shabby," and he gave us the idea of a slow, staying horse. Both these sons of *Flageolet* have a deal of wear and tear about them, and it is quite possible they may not arrive at their best until another year is over their heads, but at present they lack muscle, and require "pulling together." *Abbot* of *St. Mary's* was outclassed, though a handy, useful style of animal, quite of the *Blinkhoolie* type, but *Blue Blood* did not please, and should be well served by time, though his hocks will always disfigure him, even if they do not interfere with future preparations, and there is a coarse, unfinished look about the chestnut, who towered high above *Cadogan*, like *Goliath* looking down upon *David*. *Matt Dawson's* trio of course drew a vast concourse in their wake, *Charibert* being "sandwiched" between the white-legged *Muley Edris* (rather a flashy nag) and *Alpha*, the latter appearing to be quite outclassed even among a lot of confessedly moderate horses. No fault could be found with *Charibert's* condition, but he cannot be styled a grand-looking colt, with his want of length and scope, and drooping *Thormanby* quarters, while the heavy going was all against his poor "pipes." *Caxtonian* has certainly made good progress since last year, but his legs do not look like carrying him through a long turf career, his hocks being curvy, while he is also small and "tied" below the knee, and far better furnished "up stairs" than below. *Exeter* is a lumpy, common-looking customer, rather on the big side, we thought, and *Falmouth's* gait at once revealed the weak spot in his conformation, for, like most slack-loined, badly-coupled horses, he walked as if inclined to leave his legs behind him, and there is a coarseness and want of fashion and character about the vaunted champion of *Kingsclere*. *George Albert*, like most of *Mr. Cartwright's* "royal family," has matured from two to three years old, and doubtless there is a good race or two in the sturdy chestnut, but with *Marshall Scott* we were disappointed, the change of air from Newmarket to Epsom having worked no improvement in his form, and he has still the same weak middle piece which must ever be a bar to his acting successfully upon a hilly course. *Nutbush* did not come in for much attention, but a shabby old quarter sheet and a pair of villainously capped hocks made *Palmbeare* a conspicuous object, though when you come to pick *Mr. Trotter's* chestnut to pieces, there is no great fault to be found with him, his blemishes being only skin deep, and he is a lengthy, well-balanced horse, with the gift of going of all his sire's stock. Another son of *The Palmer*, *Protectionist*, has not so many good points about him, though a useful stamp of animal, and he may do *Lord Bateman's* good turn. *Mr. Acton's* pair were voted small, but *Sir Bevys* was trained to the hour, and he may be described as very thick and compact, and every morsel use, though rather cobby and mean-looking at first sight. In colour he strains back to *Sweetmeat*, but like his illustrious half-brother, *Hampton*, he would certainly strike a casual observer as too short for a first-class horse, which, however, we do not pronounce him yet, though evidently honest and game, and a veritable devil through dirt. *Squirrel* is altogether lighter built, but he may be passed by, *Victor Chief* now demanding notice, and a grand horse he looked, though perhaps a trifle fine drawn, and better to look at "broadside on" than to follow or to meet. In the two latter aspects his lack of substance is apparent, and he is a trifle "slab-sided," a defect which time is powerless to remedy, though his muscular development may improve with age, and he is certain to give a good account of himself some fine day. *Visconti* is a light, dapper little nag, quite a replica of *Parmesan*, with perhaps a trifle more substance, and like *Sir Bevys*, of the "regulation" *Sweetmeat* colour and style. *Ruperra* was saddled out of the paddock, and his party were confident in his ability to get a place at least, but he performed very indifferently, and has evidently not regained his early brilliant form. The race was one of the slowest on record, and they seemed to take an inconceivable time breasting the hill at starting, while the pace through the furzes was indifferent, and they only began to race in earnest as the corner was weathered, the chances of a great many having been long since disposed of. When in the line for home the yellow jacket on the lower ground looked formidable enough, *Victor Chief* seemed to be pulling at his jockey, but *Challoner* was soon "at work," and it was evident the big chestnut had shot his bolt. It was in vain that his stable-companion came to the rescue, for *Fordham* brought up *Sir Bevys* hand over hand, and landed the old *Meutmore* colours cleverly victorious by about a length, the despised *Palmbeare* overtaking *Visconti* again in the last few strides, and *Victor Chief* finishing at the latter's girths. *Falmouth* and the Frenchmen struggled up next, with *Cadogan* in their wake, and the former stable-companions, *Marshall Scott* and *Charibert* close

together at the head of the ruck, all seeming well "pumped" by their race through the deep ground. A tremendous ovation greeted the winner, but more, we take it, on account of *Fordham's* success than from any popular feeling in favour of *Sir Bevys*, who, however, carried colours well known and held in honour by racegoers in days when the cry, "the Baron wins," was heard from south to north. An excellent field came out for the Stanley Stakes, *Sabella*, *Khrabara*, *Maraschino*, *Douranee*, *Zuleika*, *Doe* colt, and *Brother* to *Ersilia* all being winners; and the issue was between the pair of *Rosicrucians* bred at Middle Park, *Douranee's* penalty just stopping her, while *Sabella* was third. *Royal* took the Headley Stakes, and *Tribute* the Epsom Town Plate, *Russley* being thus credited with their first win during the meeting, after a dreadful series of reverses. *Antyceera* is *George Frederick's* first winner, a very useful filly, and we see no reason why the Cobham sire should not do as well at the stud as his brother, who has begun so well with *Victor Chief* and *Philippine*.

Mr. Everitt, of Finstall Park, has had the misfortune to lose *Paul Jones*, who reared up in his box and fell back, dislocating his neck, in the early part of the week. He got some fairly useful stock, and was a good average performer in *Mr. Hodgeman's* colours, running second to *Formosa* for the St. Leger, and winning the Goodwood Nursery and Chester Cup.

With Ascot looming so close at home, we must decline to meddle with the Manchester and other programmes of next week.

SKYLARK.

POLO.

HURLINGHAM PARK CLUB V. RANELAGH CLUB.

The attendance on Saturday was very large and gay. The event set for decision was the return match between Hurlingham and the Ranelagh Clubs. According to arrangement this should have commenced at four o'clock, but it was nearly five ere the flag was dropped and the game started. The sides were—Hurlingham: *Mr. E. H. Balcock* (captain), *Mr. H. Hardy*, *Mr. A. Peat*, *Mr. W. Anderton*, and *Mr. Hill Trevor*, *Mr. Evelyn Atherley* acting as their umpire; *Mr. Reginald Herbert* captained the Ranelagh division, consisting of *Mr. J. E. Peat*, *Mr. G. Leigh*, *Hen. C. W. Fitzwilliam*, and *Mr. H. Owen*—Captain *E. Jameson* being umpire. The match was evenly contested, and the play was sufficiently fast and exciting to satisfy the most critical of poloists. After half an hour's play, without the slightest advantage accruing to either side, Hurlingham made a successful rally in front of the Ranelagh quarters, and *Mr. A. Peat* by a fine stroke drove the ball down between the posts, thus securing the first goal for Hurlingham. Ends were then changed, and play was continued in the same exciting manner, but just before the call of time Ranelagh obtained a goal through *Mr. J. E. Peat*, and although the match was continued for a few minutes, no further points were made, and one of the best contests witnessed for some time thus resulted in a draw.

The draw for the Cup competition, which commences on Wednesday, June 4, took place in the pavilion on Saturday with the following result:—5th Royal Irish Lancers v. Hurlingham Park Club; Cambridge University v. The Wanderers, and Monmouthshire v. The United Counties. The full band of the Coldstream Guards will be in attendance next Saturday and every week throughout the season.

SHOOTING.

HURLINGHAM PARK CLUB.

On Monday afternoon the principal feature in the programme at Hurlingham was the Derby £5 Handicap Sweepstakes, at seven birds, with a £20 cup added by the Club. Thirty sportsmen put down their names for this event, and, after some good shooting, the result at the conclusion of the seventh round was that *Mr. Wallace* (30½ yards rise), *Sir R. Musgrave*, Bart. (28), and *Mr. E. R. Hopwood* (28½) had tied by killing all their birds. The shooting off was productive of as keen a competition as has been witnessed for some time. *Mr. Hopwood*, who certainly exhibited great form, was the first to succumb, though it was a noticeable feature that all his birds, with the exception of the zero and one other, were felled with his first barrel. The issue was then left between *Mr. Wallace* and *Sir Richard Musgrave*, both of whom went on killing up to the sixth round. Here each in turn failed to score. *Mr. Wallace* grased his seventh in fine time with his first, and, as his opponent again missed, he was left the winner of the Cup and £100, *Sir Richard Musgrave* taking the second prize, £35, and *Mr. Hopwood* the third of £15.

Prior to the principal event a £1 sweepstakes, at three birds each, was decided, and this resulted in favour of *Mr. Calmady*, who killed seven.

THE QUORN HUNT.—A meeting of the Quorn Hunt Committee was held on Monday, at the St. James's Hotel, to take into consideration the differences that have arisen regarding the proposed reabsorption of the country hunted by the Billesdon hounds into the old Quorn district. Lord Wilton presided, and amongst the members of the committee present were the Earl of Aylesford, Earl of Lanesborough, Earl Ferrers, the Hon. H. Strutt, Sir F. T. Fowke, Lord Grey de Wilton, Colonel Burnaby, Captain Whitmore, and Mr. J. Coupland, master of the Quorn Hunt. A memorial from the Billesdon side of the Quorn country, very representatively signed, was submitted to the committee, concurring in the decision of the Masters of Foxhounds Committee that the Billesdon country formed part of the Quorn Hunt, and suggesting that the difficulty might be adjusted by allowing *Sir Bache Cunard* to continue to hunt the district without any limit of time or restrictions as to management, the memorialists undertaking upon his retirement to support any fair arrangement for its being then hunted by the Quorn pack. The proposal gave rise to a good deal of discussion, and the committee eventually decided to invite *Sir B. Cunard* to continue to hunt the Billesdon country for two further seasons, and then to surrender the district to the Master of the Quorn Hunt, in accordance with the award of *Boodle's Committee*.

MADAME MELANIE, one of the past glories of the Gymnase, is no more; she died recently at the age of seventy-two. The rôle that she created may be counted by the hundred. Amongst the most celebrated were the Sister of the Colonel in the *Fils de Famille*, the Viscomtesse in the *Demi-Monde*, and the Rich Porkbutcheress in the *Gentilhomme Pauvre*.

We have received "The Piccadilly Peep-Show; or, Round the R.A. in Twenty Minutes," by *Wallis Mackay*, a very novel, humorous and amusing contribution to the literature of this year's Academy Exhibition, which all its visitors who enjoy good laughing should not fail to procure.

We have to correct a mistake made in our last issue. *Mr. David James* will take the chair at our annual festival, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Thursday, the 26th of June not the 11th.

Grimstone Grange has given place in *Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's* Entertainment to a new and brightly attractive little piece, called *One Hundred Pounds Reward*, full of telling situations, aided by new and picturesque scenery, and some sparkling new music.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

STANLEY, LUCAS, WEBER, & Co., 84, Bond-street.—“May Song,” price 3s., is a graceful setting, by R. H. Löhr, of fanciful verses by S. T. Coleridge.—“A May Song,” price 4s., words by V. Fane, music by J. Schönbach. The verses are pleasing, and the melody is fresh and vocal.—“Flowerets,” price 4s., words by J. B. Hardwicke, music by C. J. Richard-

son. The words are commonplace, and so is the music.—“The Bride’s Welcome,” price 3s., words by A. Corsen, music by J. Schönbach. The words are of average merit, and the music is melodious.—“Light in the darkness,” price 4s. With the exception of the ungrammatical line—

When they burdens upon him *lay*—

(the verb being used in the past tense) the words are well written, and the music is appropriate.—“Withered Violets,”

price 3s., composed by R. H. Löhr, is a sympathetic setting of some graceful verses. The words “banks” and “grow” in the two first bars on page 4 are misprints, and should be altered to “bank” and “grew.”—“Tis joy, ‘tis life to me,” price 3s., words by J. Endersohn, music by S. Kemp. The words are well written, and the melody, composed for contralto or barytone, is much above the average.—“Tis sweet to win a smile,” price 3s., by the same authors, is simple and pretty.—“The Tambourine Player,” price 3s., written by Charles Mackay, and



A TERRIBLE FOE.

composed by Mr. Bartholomew, is a simple ballad, well suited to teaching purposes.—“Three Easy Valses for the Violin, with Piano,” price 3s. each, are the work of Otto Peiniger. They answer to their titles, and are not only easy, but remarkably melodious.—A “Sonatina,” price 3s., by the same composer, contains some agreeable reminiscences of Haydn in the forms of an “adagietto,” a “scherzo,” a “trio,” and a “rondo,” and may be strongly recommended to amateur violinists.—“Chant sans Paroles,” price 3s., is a pianoforte solo by the eminent

Russian composer, Tschaikowsky, and contains some piquant themes, well developed.

CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street, W.—“Honneur et Gloire, Marche Militaire,” price 4s., composed by Miss L. Albrecht, one of the ablest among our rising pianists, is an effective pianoforte arrangement of an orchestral march, which has been played several times lately by the band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey. The leading themes are tuneful and spirited, and the march is full of variety.

HOWARD & Co., 28, Great Marlborough-street, W.—“Out with the tide,” price 4s., written and composed by Wilbye Cooper. If the words fail to please, the strongly accented refrain of this song may probably make it popular.—“The Queen’s Colours,” price 4s., words by F. M. Doherty, music by M. Schröter. The verses, descriptive of an incident in the Zulu war, are well written, and are set to a spirited and appropriate melody.